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Days on the Hill, Nights at the Palace * WWF: On the Ropes
College Habitats * The Underground Club * Graves of Earthly Delight
In the Cards * Generation Net * Big Rob * Poetry

talisman xposure

photo by Chad Stevens

With midterms approaching in late February, students made their way to the library for extra studying and research.

western kentucky university

115 garrett conference center

bowling green, kentucky

volume 73, issue 2

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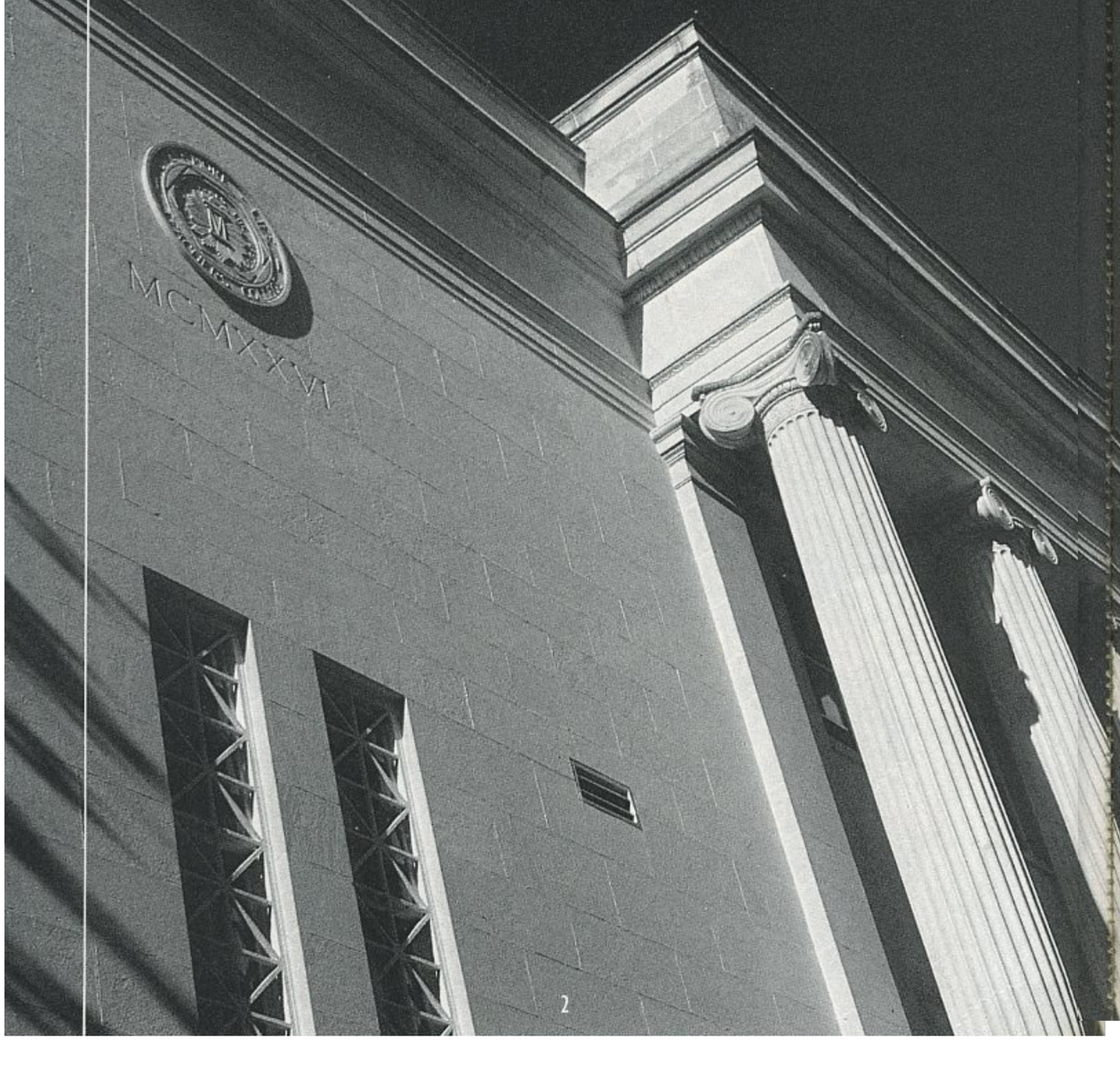

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this page and fall and spring issue cover photos by Ray Meese Jr.

Gordon Wilson Hall in autumn

photo by Jake Herrle

Wanker bass player Jeff Howard steps to the front of the stage in Baker Street Café to play the band's signature loud, fast sound.

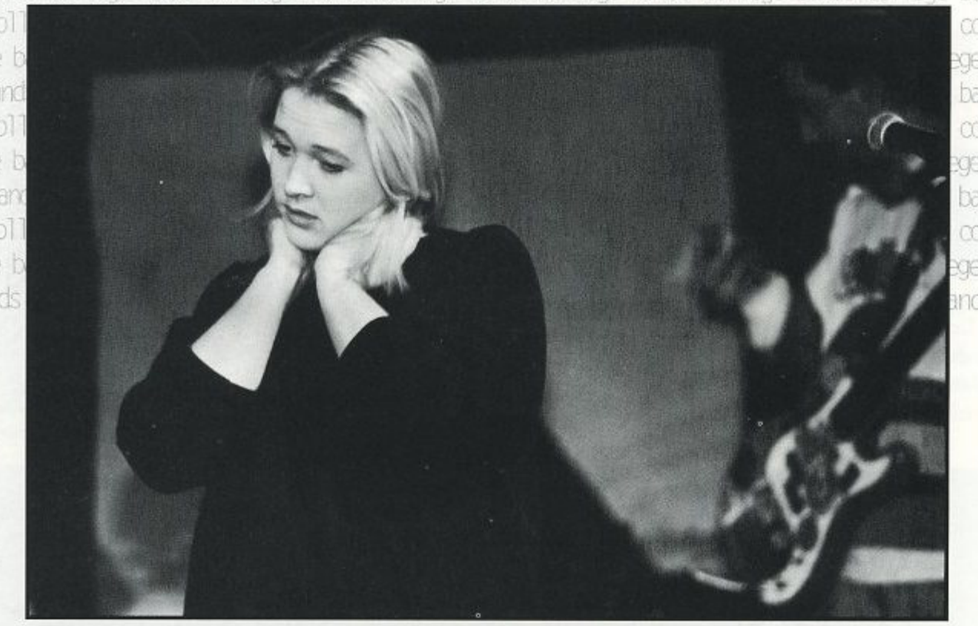


photo by Jake Herrle

Singer Cathy Allen of the Radioactive Flowers pauses during a sound check for a show in Starkville, Miss. Five people attended the show. Competition across town advertised penny pitchers of beer and a well-liked local act. "This is what's called paying your dues," Allen said.

COLLEGE BANDS

story by Amanda Davis

Eyes closed as heads bobbed from side to side. Bodies followed suit. The flute dazed its listeners — drifting up, down and around, weaving its way through the crowd.

The vibe was there. Arms like butterfly wings flailed around loosely in the cramped quarters of the dance floor. The motions were uninhibited, careless, free.

The Radioactive Flowers were hot tonight.

Gothic hippie rock, blues, alternative — all are musical styles found in Bowling Green. And it's not the kind of musak pumped into crowded elevators; it's live, and part of the college lifestyle.

Students have seen local musicians at the bar down the street or strumming a few chords at a party or two. But the touring and practicing necessary to the job involve sacrifices.

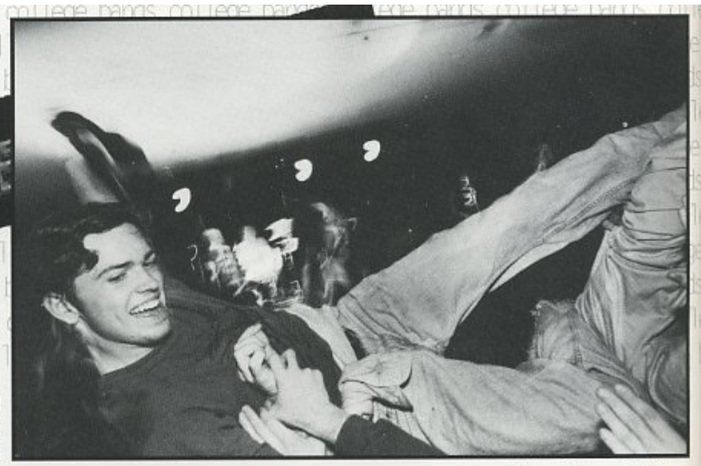
Corie Morell, lead singer of No Common Soul, stumbles out of bed by 9 every morning. The senior from Franklin, Tenn., endures a two to three-hour practice before taking on her 19-hour class load.

All this polishing has made No Common Soul a hit when they play at bars, benefits, frat parties and an occasional hole-in-the-wall. The band's roots are in local bars — Gary's, Baker Street Café and O'Charley's.

The bars are usually the starting line for many evolving bands. Patty Simpson, a band booker at Gary's, said she contacts very few bands. They come to her.

"We're a band bar — if they aren't playing, they're coming here," she said.

COLLEGE BANDS



Prospect freshman Chad Gordon is passed around by fans at the Letters to Cleo concert in Garrett Ballroom last semester.

photo by Jamal A. Wilson

Simpson said word-of-mouth about certain bars can bring bands from Nashville and even California to play locally.

Bowling Green junior Eric Beason tries to catch all of the Radioactive Flowers' shows and he even traveled with them to Georgia at the end of February.

"I would be a groupie if I didn't know them," he insists.

Touring is important for many college bands, said Scott Bolser, one of the drummers for the Radioactive Flowers.

"Touring is a measuring stick," he said. "You can see how your music goes over in different parts of the country."

So what's the Bowling Green music scene like? Hard Core? Folk? Country? Alternative?

Morell said she thinks there's no such thing as alternative music — the reality is that every band, whether country, blues or opera, is alternative to the mainstream rock n' roll sound. And be careful when describing No Common Soul's music.

"Don't use the word alternative — we'll sue," Morell quipped.

She believes the average radio-listening, Generation X, MTV couch potato-like college student often clings to certain expectations when they experience a live college band. There's a certain trendy, homogenized look and sound which MTV cultivates, according to Morell.

She prefers to call her band's music "intellectual rock." The name "No Common Soul" was chosen to express their rather Hootie-esque individuality. (Would Darius Rucker be proud?)

This distinct sound has allowed the band to reach a wider audience than usual. Some bands have the ability to cross over, to reach a crowd beyond the keg party years — career people. No Common Soul performed for 30- to 50-year-olds at Three Brothers, a local tavern. Band members were surprised by the reception.

"The people were the nicest, most supportive group," she said. "They stayed to the end of the show."

The Flowers have seen that, too.

"We've gotten good feedback from every group of people," Bolser said. "But college students relate to it more lyrically, musically. It's more what they're used to."

So with the individuality and creativity flowing like the booze at the bars, what ever happened to good ole rock n' roll?

"We don't feel like we have to put on an act," Morell said. "If we sounded like Dave Matthews, nobody would like us because we sound like them."

And students seem excited by No Common Soul's original stuff, she said. It's a good thing for original artists — some audiences consider their styles a nice change from the much-hyped, grossly overplayed tunes that float through the airwaves.

But wasn't Dave Matthew's Band once an unknown entity? Some could say that they had the misfortune of being liked and are now unhappy zillionaires.

"They were (a college band) more in the beginning stages," said Charles Ridgeway, a Radcliff junior and self-proclaimed music aficionado. "Other bands were at this stage at one time ... they got their break."

The bands may one day join the rich and overplayed — the Radioactive Flowers have released an album with 10 originals and No Common Soul is also planning to go into the studio.

For now, fame and fans remain mostly local, and the band members play for themselves as much as they play for their fans. The attraction to the stage can be intoxicating.

Bolser, who dropped out of college to become a performer, believes music chose him.

"I can't get any interest in anything else," Bolser said. "It's a good emotional release."

Any regrets for leaving the college academic scene to join the college band scene? Nah.

"School will always be there," Bolser said.

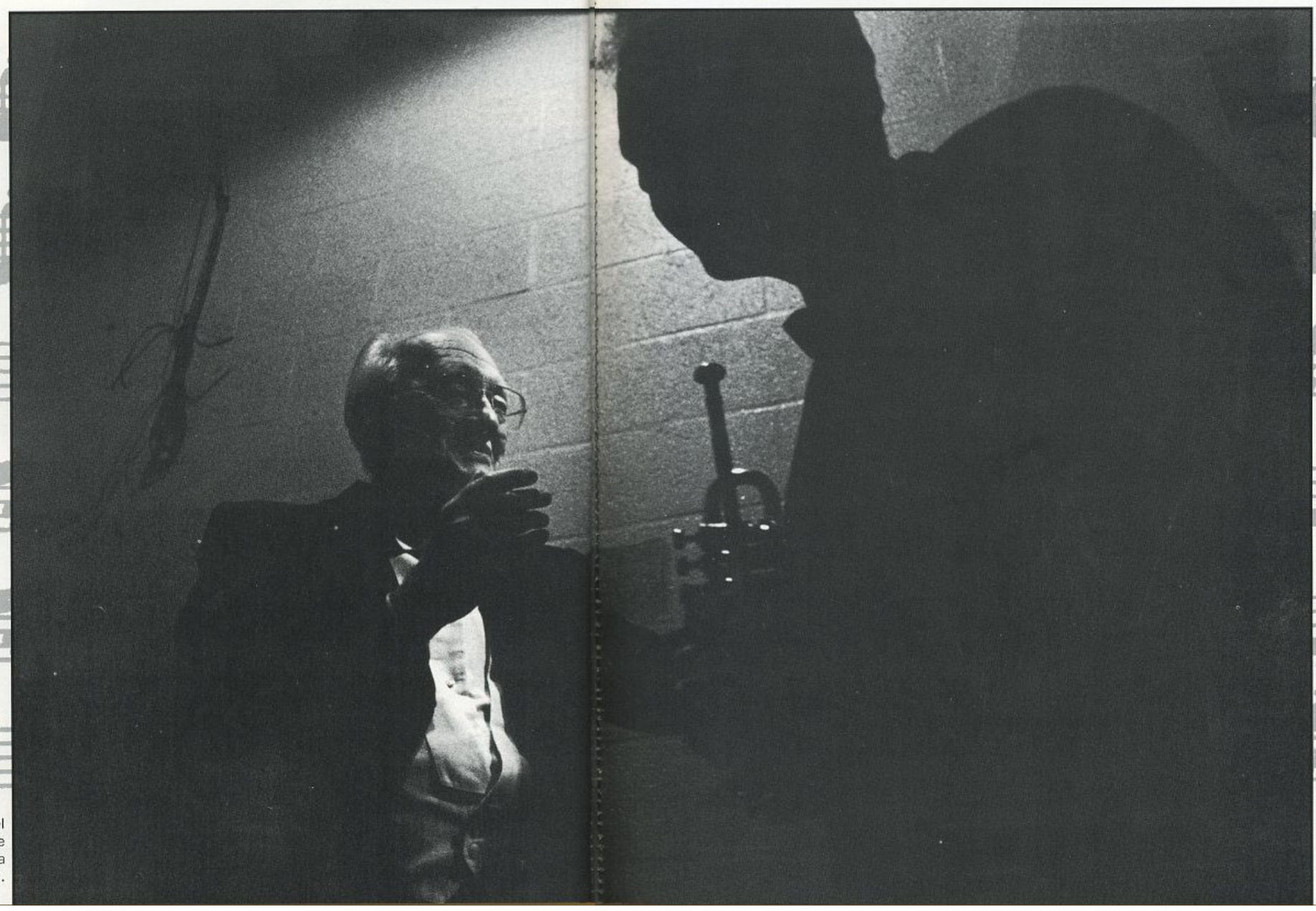
Nashville singer/songwriter Lisa Oliver jams with her band at a club in Nashville. The group plays original songs. Her other band features Top 40 covers and plays Sundays and Mondays at the Greenwood Executive Lounge in Bowling Green. *photo by Jake Herrle*

Keeping his Compo&ure

Award-winning conductor visits

photos by Patrick Witty

Husa conducts Western's Symphonic Band.



Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Karel Husa congratulates music associate professor Marshall Scott during a concert in February.

Eyes in the dark

Story by D. Anthony Noel Art by Stacy Curtis

For Tara Higdon, the stalking started innocently.

"I got what I thought was a prank phone call," the Slaughters senior said. "He said he knew who I was, and he'd seen me at a party.

"I hadn't even been at that party," she explained. "I just blew it off; thought it was a prank. Then it got more regular. It ended up being, if not every night, it was every other night about 3 o'clock in the morning when the phone would ring."

The situation elevated as the caller continued to harass her through her first year of college. He would ask why she was late for work and who her new friend was or say he liked her red dress.

"My grades dropped considerably because I was afraid to go to class," Higdon said. "My night classes especially. He would tell me to watch out on my way to certain classes, so I just got to the point where I wouldn't go."

Stalking, according to Kentucky state law, is "to engage in an intentional course of conduct directed at a specific person or persons; which seriously alarms, annoys, intimidates or harasses the person or persons; and which serves no legitimate purpose."

According to campus police officer Audrey Spies, stalking doesn't happen at Western. At least, it's not reported.

Sociology professor Ann Goetting said that's the problem — in most cases, the victim knows the stalker. They're usually close to them and don't want to report their activities to authorities, she said.

"Since you know the guy who's stalking you, you're not going to call the police," she said. "Sometimes you don't even define it as stalking. ... It's one more way like rape and battering that men can continue to control individual women they know and are intimate with. Most of the time women won't turn in former boyfriends or husbands — they just try to deal with it themselves."

Legislation has begun only recently. In 1991, California became the first state to have an antistalking law. It came almost 5 months after a fatal incident involving television star Rebecca Schaeffer, of "My Sister Sam." Melita Schaum and Karen Parrish relate the story in their book "Stalked: Breaking the Silence on the Crime of Stalking in America."

For two years, Robert Bardo followed the actress, even trying to enter the studio lot where she worked. Turned away by security, he finally located her at home. As Schaeffer opened the door, Bardo shot her point blank. She died within minutes.

Who would commit such an offense?

"(It) could be almost anybody," said psychology professor Bill Pfhol, "usually they're angry, upset or obsessed."

And stalking's effects can be long-term for the victim.

"It still makes my skin crawl," Higdon said. The after-effects of a stalking can be as damaging as the initial fear, Pfhol said.

"We would probably look at it as a post-traumatic stress disorder, and (the victim) would probably deal with it either through a group therapy situation or individual counseling," he explained.

What advice does Higdon give to victims of stalkings?

"Take everything seriously from the beginning. Don't blow it off," she said. "Call the police after the first phone call. That way if something does happen, they have a record of it.

"Be very careful — don't go anywhere by yourself, don't risk it."

While many stalking stories end in tragedy, Higdon's ended with a more peaceful but no less frightening note.

"I got really smart with him and he started making threats and I taped it and called the police."

Still, the police could exercise little power over a faceless voice. The week before finals, Higdon moved out of the dorm, and the calls stopped.

"I don't know if he graduated or found someone else to bother."

But the stalker was never discovered.

"I come from a small town. I'm a very trusting person. But now, I think if someone says 'hi' to me: 'Oh my god, is that him?'"

Louisville sophomore Barbara Dawson, Owensboro sophomore Jimmy Hodgkins and Frankfort freshman Whitney Ballard cheer at a Hilltoppers game on a Thursday night.

photo by Jake Herrle

The Thursday Night Ritual

The dorms are bustling with students going out to party. Stairwells are filled with a hundred overlapping colognes, and telephone rings fill the night as students decide whether to hang out or get sloshed.

It's Thursday night.

When students have been busy all week and haven't had a chance to spend time with friends, Thursday night is a welcome chance to relax before going home for the weekend.

Trisha Guffey, a sophomore from Crestwood, Ill., said party-hopping is fun.

"I go to frat parties," Guffey said. "I usually stay at one unless it starts thinning out, then just ask someone where another party is. Everyone knows where they are."

Some students head to clubs to get their Thursday night party fix and boogie 'til dawn. Dancing seems to be a favorite thing to do — whether it's moshing or doing the Achy Breaky, clubs from Louisville to Nashville are flooded with students looking to forget about tomorrow.

And for those with inhibitions, most clubs have a bar. Booze is an integral part of some students' Thursday night rituals.

"The truth is, students drink alcohol because it's there," said Michael Midkiff, a Dawson Springs senior. "People that go to clubs usually go for three reasons. First, to hear a band. Second, to play pool. Third, to get drunk. Drinks are being passed around during all three so everyone thinks 'why not?'"

Is all the drinking a problem?

"Well, we are packed every Thursday and a lot of the students get really plastered, but it's their choice," said Dewayne Brenner, owner of Baker Street Café. "I mean, we care about our customers, but we can't be their mothers."

In a recent study, the Indiana University Alcohol and Drug Information Center found 75 percent of a typical college campus will drink alcohol during a month. And 41 percent of college students participate in "heavy drinking," having five or more drinks in a row.

But not all students are out partying. Princeton junior Richie Burris often goes to the movies on Thursdays because "it's easier to recover from than puking your guts up."

Thursday night sitcoms are also appealing alternatives.

"My roommates and I usually invite some friends over and watch 'Friends' and then rent a movie," said White Plains junior Todd Camplain. "That way we're not up too late and miss our classes on Friday."

Students' Friday absences is a pain for many professors. Art professor Laurin Notheisen has a strict attendance policy. Students can miss five times before she starts dropping letter grades.

"By doing this, I avoid all the nonsense stories that students make up. Either they show up and work — or party and fail. It's their choice."

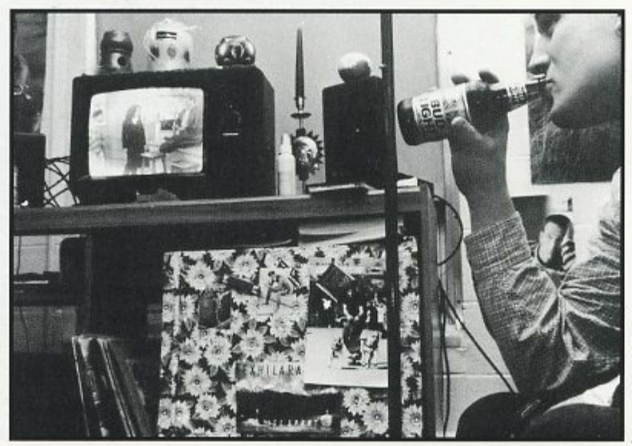
But in the meantime, students like Guffey enjoy the Thursday night scene, and will continue to make friends that way.

"Party hopping is ... a great way to meet people," she said. "I hang out with a different group of people each week. Seems like there's someone getting drunk for the first time each week."

Story by Joe Gamblin

photo by Clayton B. Jackson

On a late Thursday night in January, Stephanie Pippin, a junior from Old Hickory, Tenn., wins a game of Scrabble at her home.



Louisville fireman Kevin Multon watches "Seinfeld" with friends in Bates-Runner Hall.

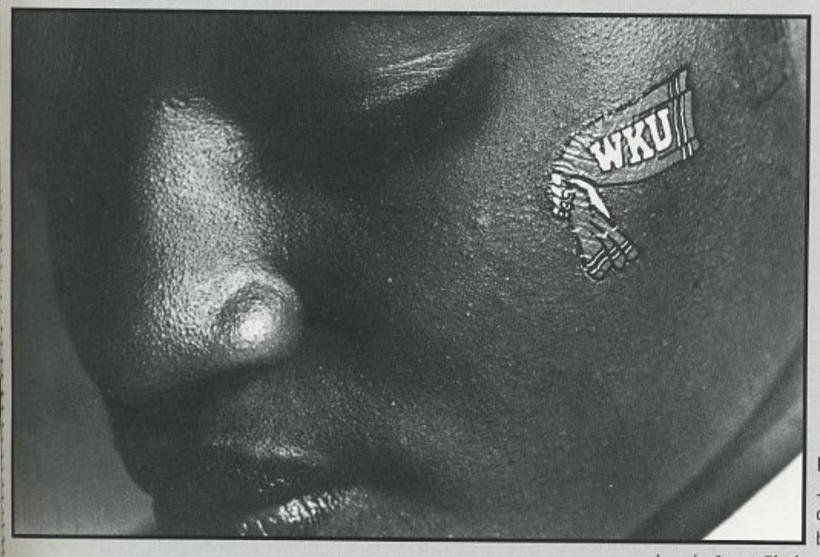
photo by Jake Herrle

portrait gallery:

A backdrop and a camera help expose the many faces of Western students and faculty

Louisville sophomore Neal Thomas smokes outside Garrett Conference Center.

photo by Jason Gregory



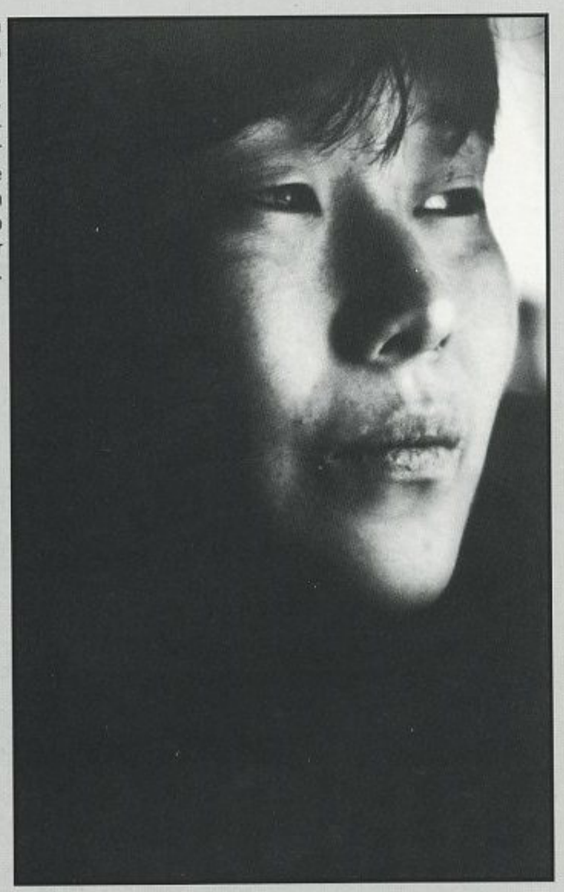
Louisville sophomore Tamico Johnson recuperates after cheering during a men's basketball game.

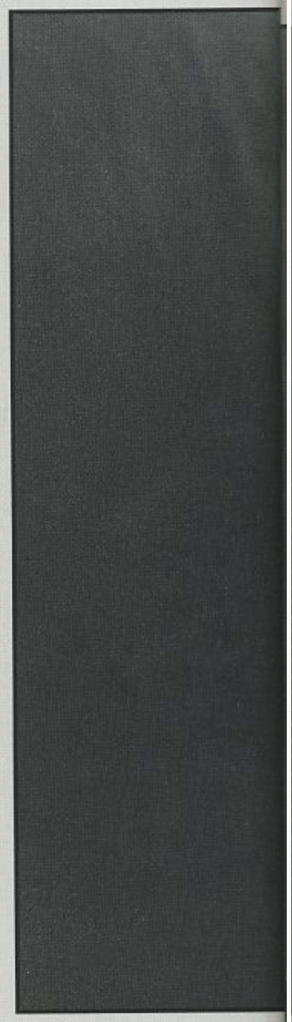
photo by Jason Clark

portrait gallery:

photos by Clayton B. Jackson

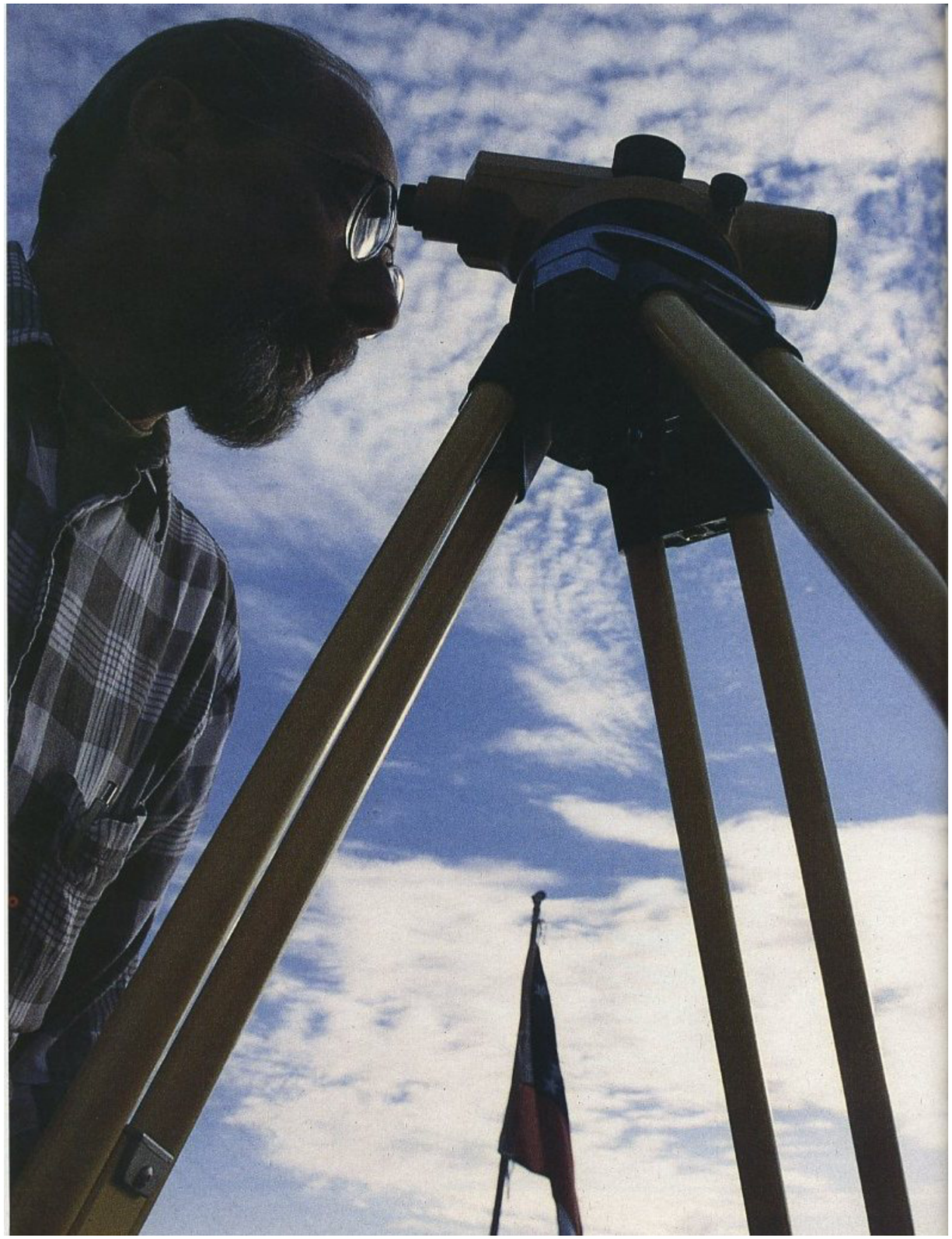
Elin Ramberg, a sophomore from Kristiansund, Norway, is a public relations major. After graduation, she hopes to return home to find a job and be close to her family.





For the past two years, Larry Danielson has been the department head of modern languages and intercultural studies.

Edgewood senior John Hildreth plays both the piano and the classical guitar. He is majoring in music and English.



Joe Harper, a senior from Dale, Ind., works near a tombstone placed at the Franklin grave site by veterans of the Civil War. **At left,** archaeology student Jim Wallace, a Greenville senior, surveys the location with a transit.

GRAVES of Earthly Delight

Western students dig for bones of Confederate soldiers

For Bowling Green freshman Amy Russell, it all began as a mistake.

But there she was, braving a November evening in dirty jeans and muddy Redwing boots for an archaeology class she enrolled in accidentally. It was rough — none of her companions were armed with NoDoz, and there wasn't enough coffee to go around.

Some night to dig up a few bodies.

Russell and 30 other Western students were excavating a site that had been untouched for over 100 years. The Sons of the Confederate Veterans, a Civil War re-enacting group from Simpson County, contacted Western's archaeology department for help. Dedicated to maintaining the historical accuracy of

Photos by Dave Smith *Story by Kimberly Shain*

Students and volunteers, **right,** pause to watch a train go by the Franklin site. The Confederate soldiers are thought to have been killed when they tried to attack a train and were surprised by Union soldiers.

Two Civil War reenactors, **far right,** walk away after a final salute. The reenactors guarded the graves during the day and night in period costume.

the Confederate army, the group requested the excavation of the gravesite near Frankin for two Civil War soldiers. It was in danger of being disturbed by looters and agricultural development, according to Billy D. Byrd, commander of the organization.

"We are a historic group and we feel that we're doing our best to preserve the heritage and honor of the history — right or wrong, good or bad — of these individuals," he said. "They fought and died for what they believed in, just as the federal soldiers did."

Archaeology professor Valerie Haskins and students from her archaeological field techniques class accepted the task. She was the instructor and principal investigator on the project. Although this was the first time many of the students had participated in a dig of this kind, Haskins was impressed.

"The students conducted the work and did a tremendous job," she said.

During the project, students usually worked from 8 a.m.-10 p.m. They faced challenges during the nine days in the field — the excavators had to be very careful not to harm the bones or cause the four-foot deep grave shaft to collapse. At night, some camped near the site to continue working and to protect the graves.

"I never had an archaeology class before," Bowling Green senior Amy Royce said. "It was really the first time that I understood why archaeology was a field people were interested in."

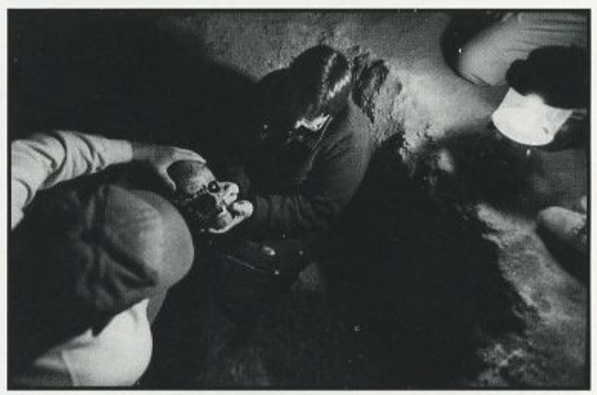
The group uncovered the feet of the bodies first. Then they continued to work their way up, finally finding the skulls.

Russell, who is now an archaeology major, said finding the bones she had helped excavate was an unforgettable experience — "like holding your first baby for the first time."

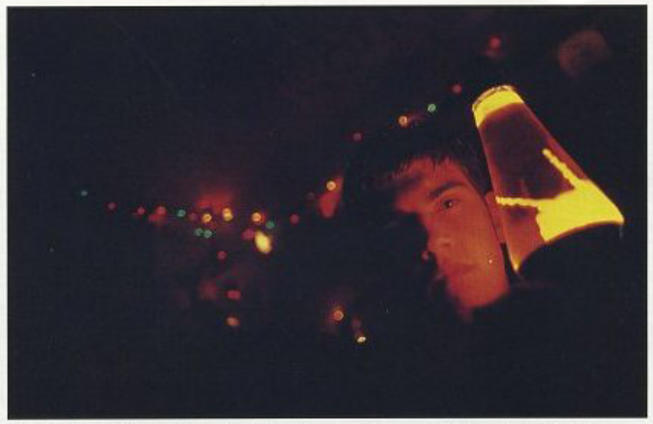
The bodies are under forensic evaluation at Western. Although the identity of one of the soldiers is unknown, the other was Charles Kimble, from Hartsville, Tenn.

Russell refers to her archaeological experience as sharing a moment in history with the soldiers.

"Here is this person who you have no idea about who they were — and now you know more about them than anyone else," she said.



Archaeologist Valerie Haskins pieces together sections of a skull that was found at the site. Work was carried on late into the night.



Louisville sophomore Bill Skaggs sits in his Gilbert Hall room with one of his many unique decorations, a lava lamp.

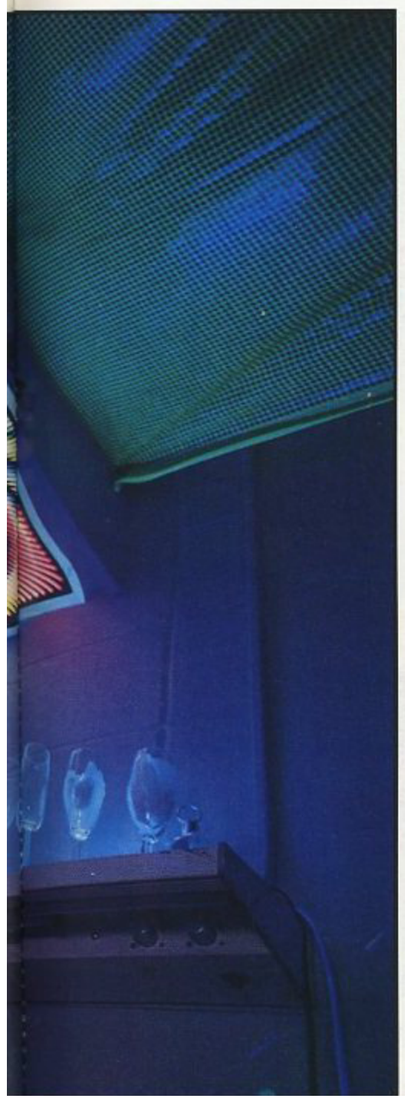
College Habitats

Story by Molly Wade Photos by Ray Meese, Jr.

"He is the happiest, be he king or or college kid peasant, who finds peace in his home."

–Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Visitors might mistake Bill Brown's Pearce-Ford Tower room for a psychadelic coffee shop. The Evansville freshman frequently makes coffee for friends and has 30 types of coffee beans.



Students' dorm rooms and apartments reflect their personalities. But in some colorful cases, unique decor goes beyond a Brad Pitt poster and a fern or an autographed picture of Reba McIntyre. Some students have gotten beyond the cinder block walls of dorms and the old plaster of apartments to turn their dwellings into dynamic showcases of their individual personalities.

Louisville junior Ron Temple is among the students who've decided they wanted a room that was all their own.

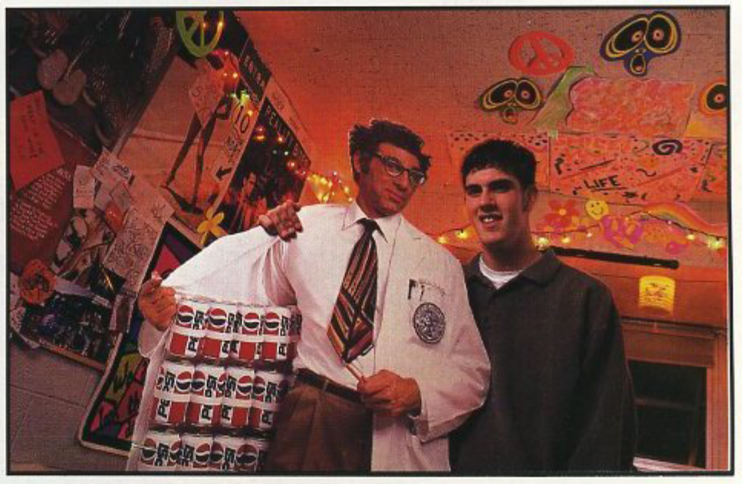
"I wanted a dark color and I painted the walls and stuff," he said. "Then I started with one painting with the day-glow paint."

Temple said his bedroom soon earned a reputation as a creative outlet at "The Maze," the house he once shared with other theater majors.

His friends even helped him decorate the place.

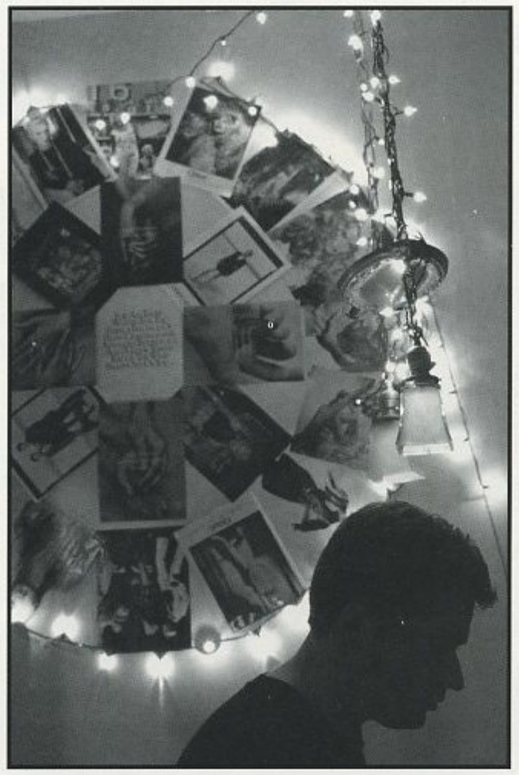
"We had a party, and everyone just kind of got in on it," he said.

The maxim that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder comes to

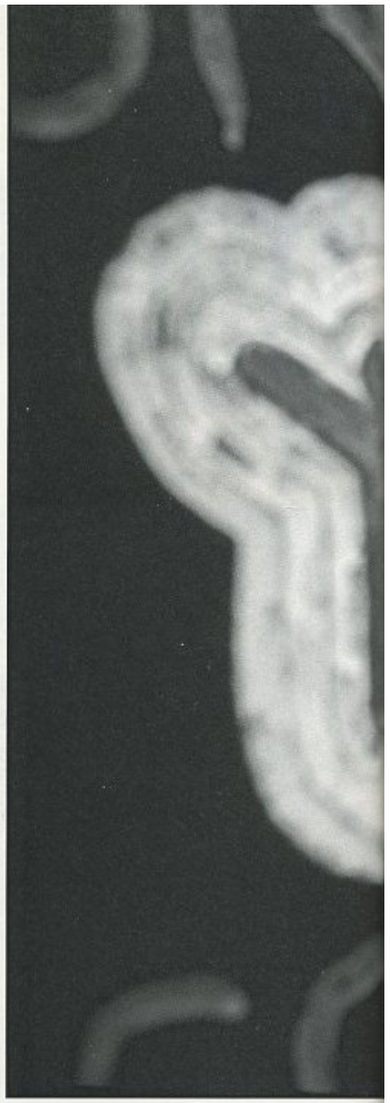


Skaggs' room is decorated with "Kramer" and other ornaments he collects at flea markets and garage sales.

College Habitats



Madisonville junior Lee Bracket said there's nothing significant about the magazine cut-outs on the walls of his Bowling Green apartment.



mind with Louisville sophomore Bill Skaggs' dorm room.

It looks like a thrift store. The idea began with a gift from a friend.

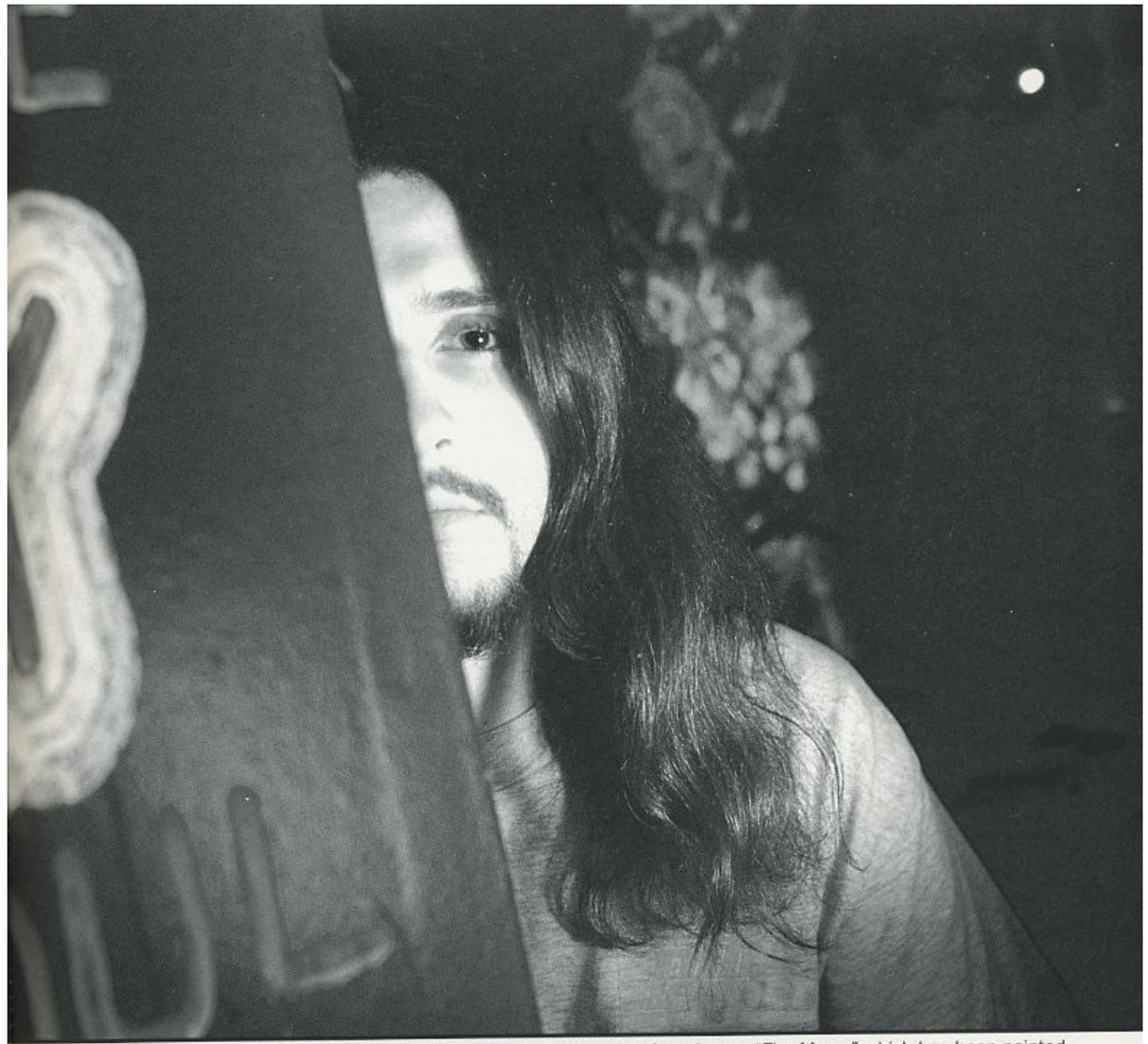
"He got me an orange and white ashtray from a [thrift store]," Skaggs said. "We just started looking for stuff like that in Salvation Army, Goodwill — stuff like that."

But Skaggs' parents were often less than amused by his off-beat decorating style. "They would tell me to clean my room — I told them it was clean," he said. His friends, however, appreciate it a little more. "Everyone loves it."

Bill Brown opened his "coffee shop" in Pearce-Ford Tower right after Christmas. "I just figured, 'Why not?'" said the freshman from Evansville, Ind.

Now sporting psychadelia and a coffee shop motif, Brown said he and his friends feel right at home.

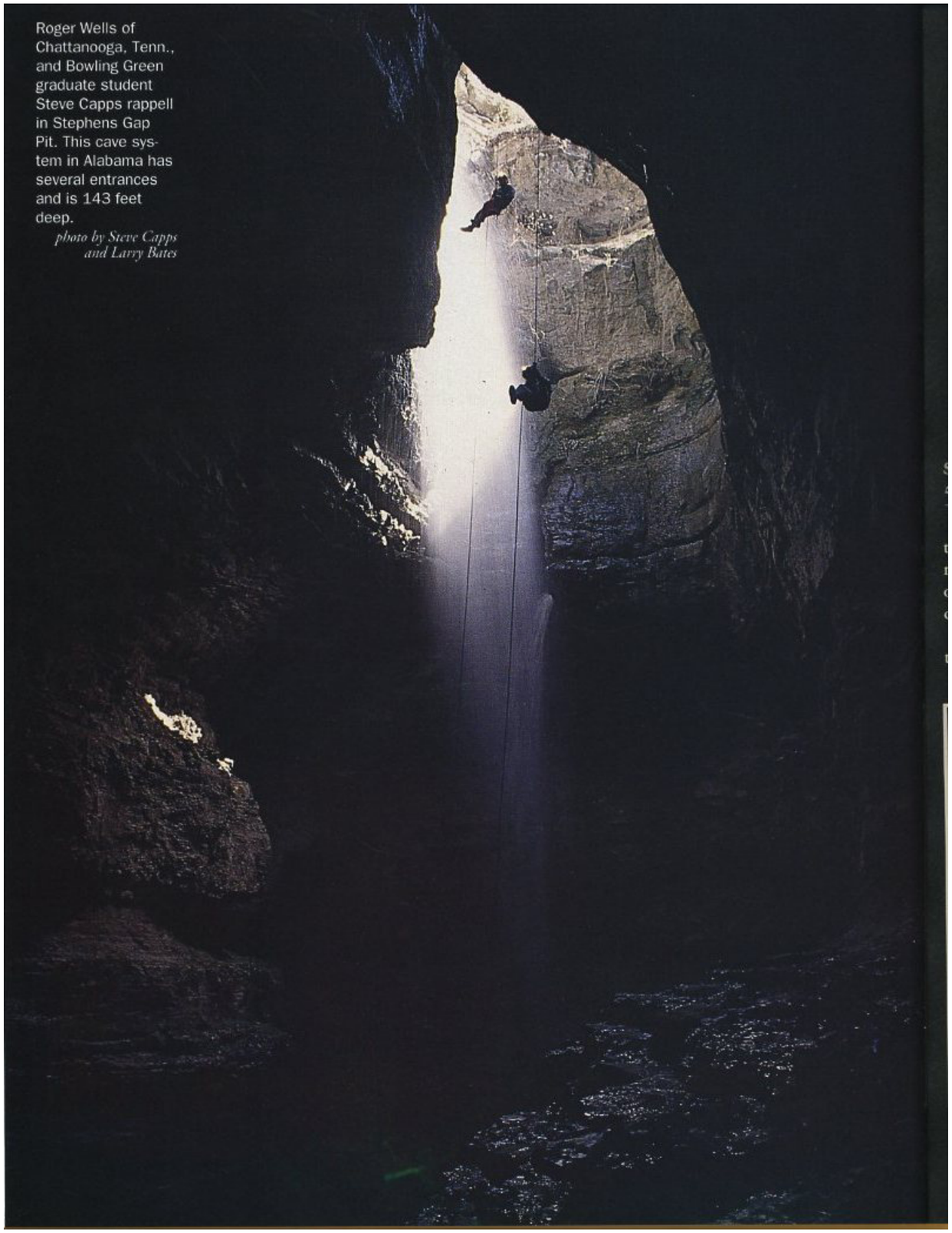
"They love it," he said. "They just come in here and chill."



Louisville junior Ron Temple sits in his Kentucky Street home, commonly referred to as "The Maze," which has been painted with neon colors and lit with a black light.

Heather Whitaker, a junior from Cincinnati, has many candles in her apartment.

"Home is Heaven for beginners."
—Charles H. Parkhurst



Roger Wells of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Bowling Green graduate student Steve Capps rappell in Stephens Gap Pit. This cave system in Alabama has several entrances and is 143 feet deep.

photo by Steve Capps and Larry Bates

The Underground Club

Passion for caving unites student group

Story By Dan Hieb

Steve Capps clung onto his backpack for dear life, pushing it ahead of him as he lay on his stomach — skirting his way around a 510-foot deep hole in the earth.

The clearance space was so low, he thought he might have to take off his helmet light. The rim of the hole was so narrow — about three feet across — Capps could stick his arm out and feel the empty space leading to the cave floor hundreds of feet below.

Eventually he reached the "balcony," an opening where the narrow rim ballooned to a ledge of about 30 by 40 feet. It was here that he would begin his descent.

He set up his rappelling gear and began his journey downward. Even with modern technology, Capps' headlamp was not strong enough to cut through the fog and darkness cloaking the cave floor.

Inch after inch, foot after foot, Capps lowered himself into the hole and wondered when he would at least see the end of this amazing pit.

"For the first 300 feet, all you see is your headlight going down through the fog, in the blackness," Capps said. "And then you start seeing the bottom … when you're about 200 feet from the bottom."

Once reaching the bottom, the cavern led to another 12 miles of cave.

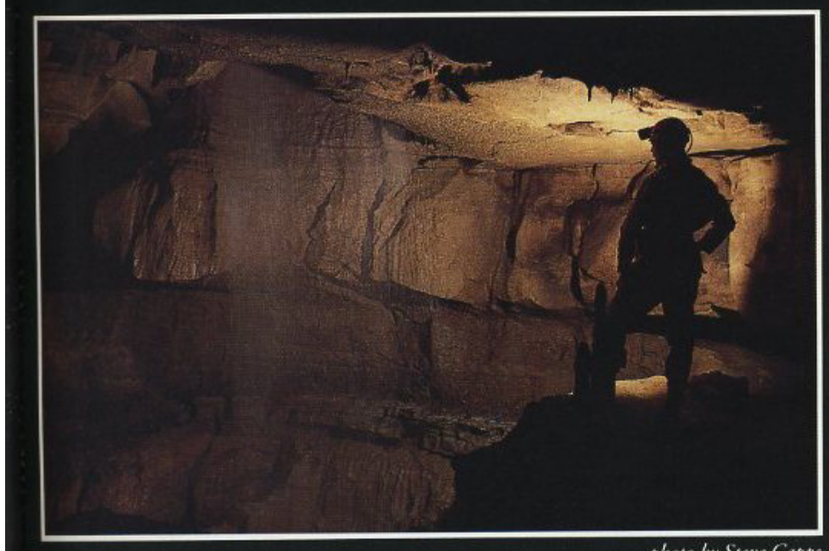


photo by Steve Capps

Jon Jasper, a graduate student from Cincinnati, faces a 30-foot drop inside a rain dome in Blue Spring, Tenn.

photo by Steve Capps

Near the entrance of Devil's Backbone Cave in Munfordville, Bowling Green senior Art Pettit hangs from a cable.

Deep under 31-W Bypass in Bowling Green, Jasper and Capps guide a few members of the Green River Grotto through the Lost River Cave.

photo by Jacob N. Ware

Capps said his biggest thrill in years of caving was rappelling down "Fantastic Pit" — the name given to the largest drop inside the deepest cave in the Eastern United States.

And the Bowling Green graduate student has had plenty of thrills since joining the Green River Grotto, a local organization providing an outlet and meeting place for people with the same kind of passion for caves.

Jasper and Donna Capps, of Lebanon, Tenn., stand in the entrance of Buttrums Cave, which is located in a sinkhole plane north o Bowling Green and is muddy from flooding.

Chris Groves, a professor in the geography and geology department, joined the Grotto shortly after moving to Bowling Green in 1981.

"The Green River Grotto provides a great place for people to go and get information about caving," he said. "It's a good place to get started if you're interested in caving. The people will take you out and let you borrow equipment until you've got a little experience and want to buy your own."

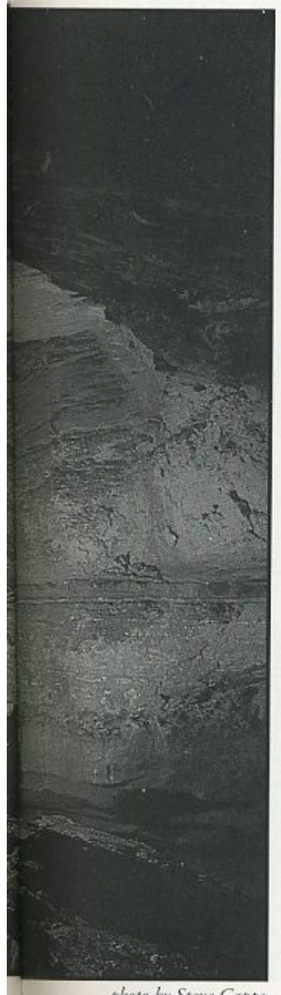


photo by Steve Capps

Grotto President Jon Jasper, a Cincinnati graduate student, said the Grotto has two main purposes. First, it serves as a meeting place where local cavers can come together and consolidate their exploration efforts. Second, it educates cavers about safety and environmental concerns.

The Grotto also acts as a place for newcomers to gain experience around more knowledgeable cavers. Experience is a must according to Grotto members. They usually go in groups of three or more people, all armed to the hilt with flashlights and supplies.

Grotto members carry at least three light sources with them, including at least one on the helmet. Old clothes, boots, gloves, food and water round out the supplies.

But regardless of preparation, the thrill of caving does not come without its dangers.

Louisville senior Shelly Forbis was helping to survey a cave with her boyfriend and another friend during the spring a few years ago. Surveying is a long and tedious process of mapping out caves for later research. The cave area being surveyed had deep water, with only inches of breathing space in some areas. After a few hours Forbis started to become hypothermic. She left the cave and spent the rest of the trip warming up under the spring sun.

Another time, Forbis climbed up a tall pile of loose rocks and, upon reaching the top, lost her balance and began to fall. Luckily, she fell toward a cave wall and caught herself. Had she gone the other way, she would have fallen 20 feet to a rock floor.

Conventional caving is relatively safe, Jasper said. In more than 60 years of exploration, there has never been a single caving-related rescue or death at Mammoth Cave — a cave described by Jasper as a "labyrinth."

Most caving deaths are connected with "cave diving," in which cavers take scuba gear and lights to explore an underwater cave. Jasper said there is great danger of sediment clouding the water so divers can't see.

"When you come out of that hole and look back outside you really see the world in a new light."

—John Jasper, graduate student from Cincinnati

"Once you can't see, people panic … because if you can't see, you can't get out; and if you can't get out, you're dead," he said.

No one in the Grotto cavedives.

But even the possibility of accidents isn't enough to keep members away — they are too attracted to the caves, each for their own reasons.

Jasper echoed a theme common among the Grotto members — the romantic idea of crawling through a tiny space and finding a large chamber of some "virgin cave" — a cave or large chamber that has never been seen before.

Although about 10 miles of virgin passages are found in Mammoth Cave alone every year, such finds are relatively rare. More often Jasper enjoys a more common occurrence.

"It's nice going down a pit and touching a waterfall," he said. "Here you are, dangling from a rope — your life is just hanging from a thread and this waterfall's just gushing over you."

The thrill of pits and tight squeezes and the beauty of the formations and the streams that create them are other reasons people flock to the caves.

During her quick descents, Forbis likes being able to see the different layers of rock that took time on a geological scale to create.

Forbis admitted, however, that one of the best things about caving is the feeling you get when you emerge at the surface.

Jasper, who describes himself as a person who loves pretty much anything to do with the outdoors, agreed.

"When you come out of that hole and look back outside you really see the world in a new light," he said.

While other cavers can get entrance fever—the intense desire to get back to the surface — Capps and many other Grotto members experience almost the opposite.

"I get almost sick of not being in a cave," he said.

35th Annual Student Art Competition

This exhibit showcased some of the best student artwork of the year. Here are some of the award-winning pieces produced by seniors.

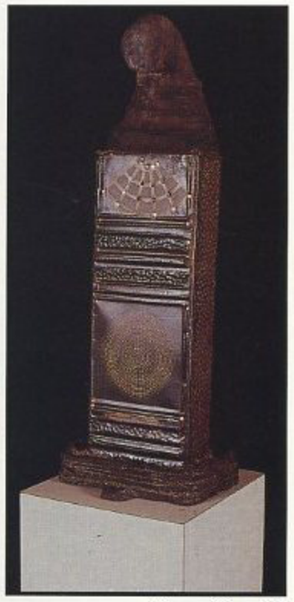
Utilitarian Vessel — *Jennifer Armstrong*
Best Ceramics

Untitled — *Shands Greenlee*
Special Award, Works on Paper

Sticks and Stones — *Michelle Stillwell*
Lemox Merit Award, Weaving

Net #8 — *Heath Seymour*
Best of Show

Heroine (Backing Off) — *Jennifer Armstrong*
Special Award, Works on Paper



George Vitorovich
Book I Categorizing
Lemox Merit Award, Sculpture

WWF ... On the Ropes

story by Joe Gamblin

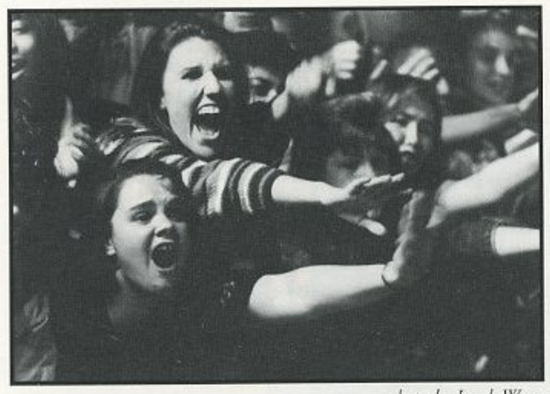


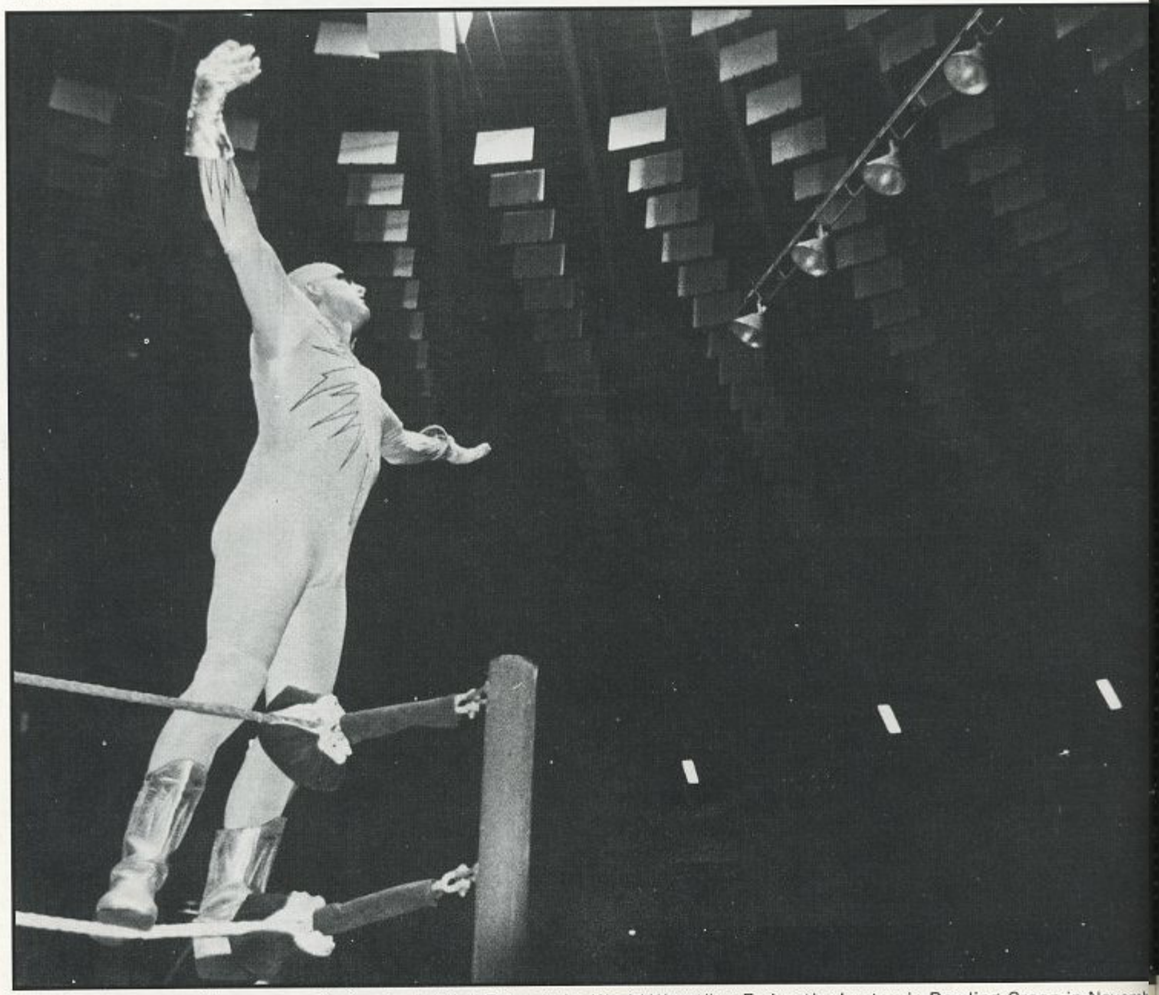
photo by Jacob Ware

Louisville sophomore Jennifer Wright, lower left, and Billie Jo Moss of Louisville cheer for Diesel.

Who would have thought wrestlers would ever want to rumble in Bowling Green?

People from as far as Tennessee and Indiana bundled up and braved the cold to come to Diddle Arena in November to watch their favorite World Wrestling Federation heroes clash with their arch-nemeses. Parents hoisted sons and daughters above the crowd to boo Jean Pierre Lafitte, and the children stretched out their arms just to touch their idol, Diesel.

"I knew what I wanted for my birthday as soon as I heard Big Daddy Cool (Diesel's nickname) was coming to town," said Shawna Glass of Bowling Green.



Golddust announces his presence before he battled Fatu at the World Wrestling Federation's stop in Bowling Green in Novemb

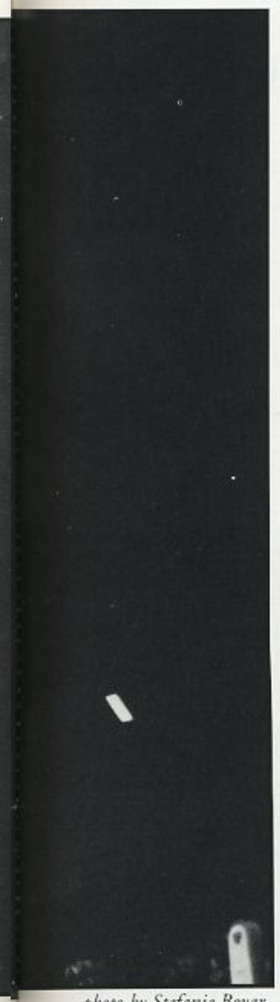


photo by Stefanie Boyar

Cloveport senior Brent Tindall came just to see the towering star of the show, Diesel.

"When he enters the ring, he just steps over the ropes where all the rest have to squeeze between them," he said.

Some students had been waiting a long time for the night. Trevor Gilpin was one of them.

"I guess I started watching (wrestling) in the early '80s," the Louisville senior said. "I remember when Hulk Hogan fought his way to the top, and now he's in the WCW trying to make a comeback. It's pretty sad, really. He should stick to making bad movies."

Not all the students in the stands were fans, though. Some were just Western students seeing what was going on. Amy Jones, a senior from Tuscaloosa, Ala., loved looking at the costumes that made the large men even more imposing and she was impressed — with the exception of Golddust, who is infamous for his skin-tight gold spandex.

"You could see his pee-pee," she said.

But there were other reasons to come. "Most of these guys are just flabby, except for Shawn Michaels," Jones said. "You can tell that a guy that hot really works out."

It might seem odd to people who aren't wrestling fans, but watching overweight, middle-aged men in tacky costumes giving each other the "cross-eyed chicken wing" really brings a community together. Bowling Green sophomore Brian Davis brought his little brother, Josh, to watch the fights, and a group of local grade school students made straight A's in their classes to get the chance to, as one of them put it, "watch Shawn Michaels beat the tar out of the British Bulldog."

The crowd seemed to agree, erupting after every body slam and screaming "U.S.A.!" whenever one of their heroes waved an American flag. From the tiniest toddler to energetic grandmothers, the audience was — for a short time — strong, proud and alive. They were the lofty kings as their gladiators faced them, the ones unworthy of respect receiving a "thumbs down" and a sneer.

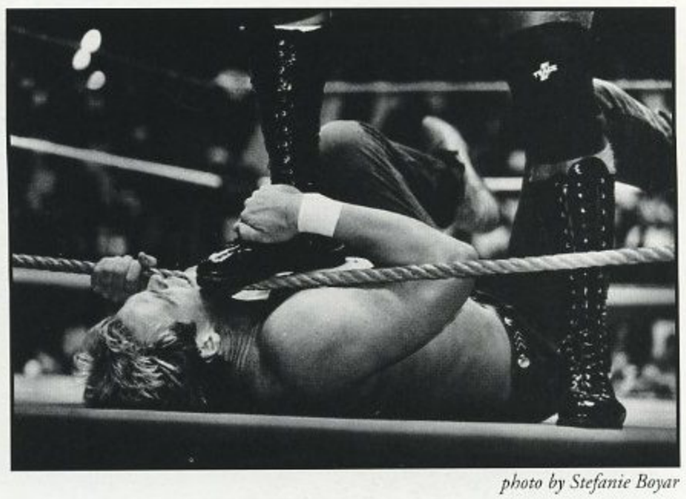


photo by Stefanie Boyar

A member of the Smoking Guns tag team suffers some before rebounding to win a match against Kama and Sid. "The Smoking Guns are awesome — looks, talent, all of the above," said Melissa Cherry, 26, of Bowling Green. "I'm weak from cheering for them."

It's in the cards

Collectible card games bring new meaning to the phrase "When you play, you pay"

Story by Chris Hutchins

It's just another Thursday night on the fourth floor at Downing University Center. Pool balls click against one another. Bowling balls smash into pins with a thunderclap.

What a strange place to have a war.

photo by Clayton B. Jackson

Louisville senior David d'Ambrosi and Gallagher play Magic, a popular card game.

Two armor-clad men dash through the room. Wielding a tall, heavy pike, one of them spots the enemy skulking in the shadows. He's an assassin armed with a poison-drenched dagger waiting in silence. The soldiers decide against attacking for now; they were ordered to protect their master's territory, no more.

Too bad.

A meteor screams through the night, decimating the roof of the center and engulfing the activity floor in flames. The pikemen try to run for cover, to do anything to avoid their fate. As the roar of the fireball overpowers the men's horrified screams, the royal assassin smiles. Chalk up another one for the bad guys.

Welcome to the world of collectible card games.

Collectible what?

It's a common scenario to collectible card game players. About three years ago, an entrepenuer named Richard Garfield sold the idea for a card game to a tiny company called Wizards of the Coast. The concept of the game was good; an easy-to-understand, entertaining game that had a "never the same game twice" feel to it, one that could pit a person against another in battles of strategy and fantasy.

The gimmick of the game was genius.

Unlike games that use a single deck of 52 playing cards, each player of this game had a deck of their own. Each card in this game was different — some (like the assassin) were more powerful and harder to find than others (the pikemen). And these decks were customizable. Players could buy new cards whenever they wanted to improve the strength of their deck. The result: a collectible game where players could buy packages of randomized cards in an ongoing effort to get better decks to defeat their opponents. The name

photo by Clayton B. Jackson

Bowling Green freshman Aaron Gallagher and Michael Crabtree, a freshman from Franklin, Tenn., prepare for a game of Magic at Downing University Center.

of the game: Magic: The Gathering.

It took off like a rocket.

Thursday night warfare

Like the role-playing game Dungeons & Dragons, Magic: the Gathering spawned a new trend in the gaming industry. The success of Wizards of the Coast has inspired many other companies to create their own collectible card games. Awareness of them has increased especially in the last year, and Western students are playing them.

Once a week on the activity floor of DUC, the "Thursday Night Crew" meets to pit their customized decks against one another. Anywhere from four to eight Western students go to play and trade cards, and although games like Star Wars and Jyhad are popular, most prefer to play Magic.

Bowling Green junior Ron Browning said most games, especially Magic, aren't difficult to learn.

"You can sit down and in 20 minutes teach someone how to play the game," he said.

And constructing a deck isn't that hard either, Louisville senior David d'Ambrosi said.

"After you build a deck and play it a few times to see the weaknesses, you've probably put about two to three hours into it," he explained. "(Magic) is well thought-out ... you can make a deck with minimal effort. I know people who had 200 Star Trek cards and couldn't put together a winnable deck because they were missing three important cards."

Most students who play say Magic is the most imaginative game on the shelves, in concept and deck design. Chris Blair, assistant manager of Hobby Crossing in Bowling Green, said Magic's in the top slot also because it was the first game of its kind. Although Magic has a head start on the competition, Blair said a new game comes out about once a month.

"(Collectible card games) all do well, but Magic has such a firm hold on the market that others don't do as well," he said. "Star Wars has recently come out and that's doing really good. ... Other games

come out and just fall by the wayside. They just never catch on."

Expansion sets with new cards are another reason for the game's success, Browning said.

"That's where another of the challenges lies in the game — using the new cards (from expansions) will challenge the way you make and use a deck," he said.

Drug of choice

So how much does it cost to build a customized deck for one of these games? Blair said 60-card "starter decks" cost new players about $7.99-9.99. And 15-card "booster packs," designed for players who want to buy more cards, are $2-3.50. But according to players, it's really easy to buy more than you'd expect. In fact, some members of the "Thursday Night Crew" call it an addiction.

"My first game, my friend showed me how to play it, and I decided to put a couple of dollars in it," Browning said. "But pretty soon, my couple of dollars turned into a couple hundred dollars."

It's a familiar story.

"I quit doing drugs to play this game," Aaron Gallagher, a freshman from Franklin, Tenn., admitted with a laugh. "I've rehabilitated myself ... sorta. Now I have a new addiction."

"Yeah, but this costs less and lasts longer," Browning added.

They laugh, but players know what Gallagher said is true — both d'Ambrosi and Browning have spent at least $800 on the games.

"I had a friend who just swore up and down, 'Oh, I'm just going to build a deck or two,'" d'Ambrosi said. "Now he's dropped about $2,000 into it."

The story hits close to home for Gallagher.

"I've been playing for a year and a half, but I'm about to cry when I say this: I've spent about $1,000 on (Magic)," he said.

What incentives could there be to pay that much to play? Blair explained that harder-to-find cards have more than gaming value — some are worth good money. Magazines like "Scrye" have price lists with values for individual cards. Blair used the example of a Magic card called the Black Lotus, a rare and powerful card that has been out of print for years.

"When I first started working here, the Black Lotus was about 15 or 20 bucks," Blair said. "Now it's up to 250 bucks."

Browning said he can sell his cards anytime he wants.

"About five to seven months into owning the cards, I di a rough estimate using a "Scrye." About three-fourths of t way through my collection, I saw I was at about $7,000."

But there's a catch to the speculatory nature of the cards According to players, the commonality of a card usually dete mines its value. The more com mon a card, the less it's worth.

"There are some uncommo cards that you may be able to get some money out of, but with the commons, you're not going to get any money back. Period," d'Ambrosi said. "You could bulk sell a hundred commons for two or three bucks, maybe."

Where will collectible cards games be in five years? The baseball card boom and bust o the late '80s/early '90s could b an omen for the fate of the ne industry, but players seem to b optimistic.

"For every one person who has gotten sick of collectible card games and decided to call quits, there's at least two peopl who are getting into it," d'Ambrosi said.

Gallagher agreed.

"I think Richard Garfield is laughing all the way to the ban right now," he said.

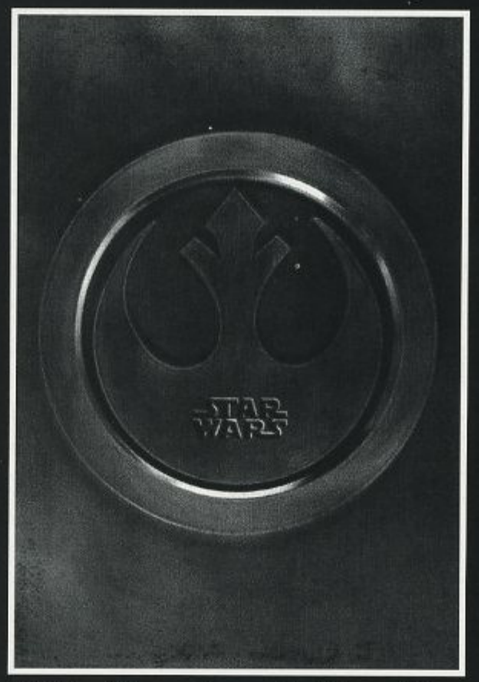
And what do the hobby shops think?

"For the players, (collectible card games) are going to be around for a long time," Blair said. "Even the collectors' values will be around for a while, but I guess I could see where it may decline later on."

How much later?

"The far future."

It looks like there'll be a war in DUC every Thursday for a while.



"(Collectible card games) all do well, but Magic has such a firm hold on the market that others don't do as well. Star Wars has recently come out and that's doing really good."

—Chris Blair, assistant manager of Hobby Crossing

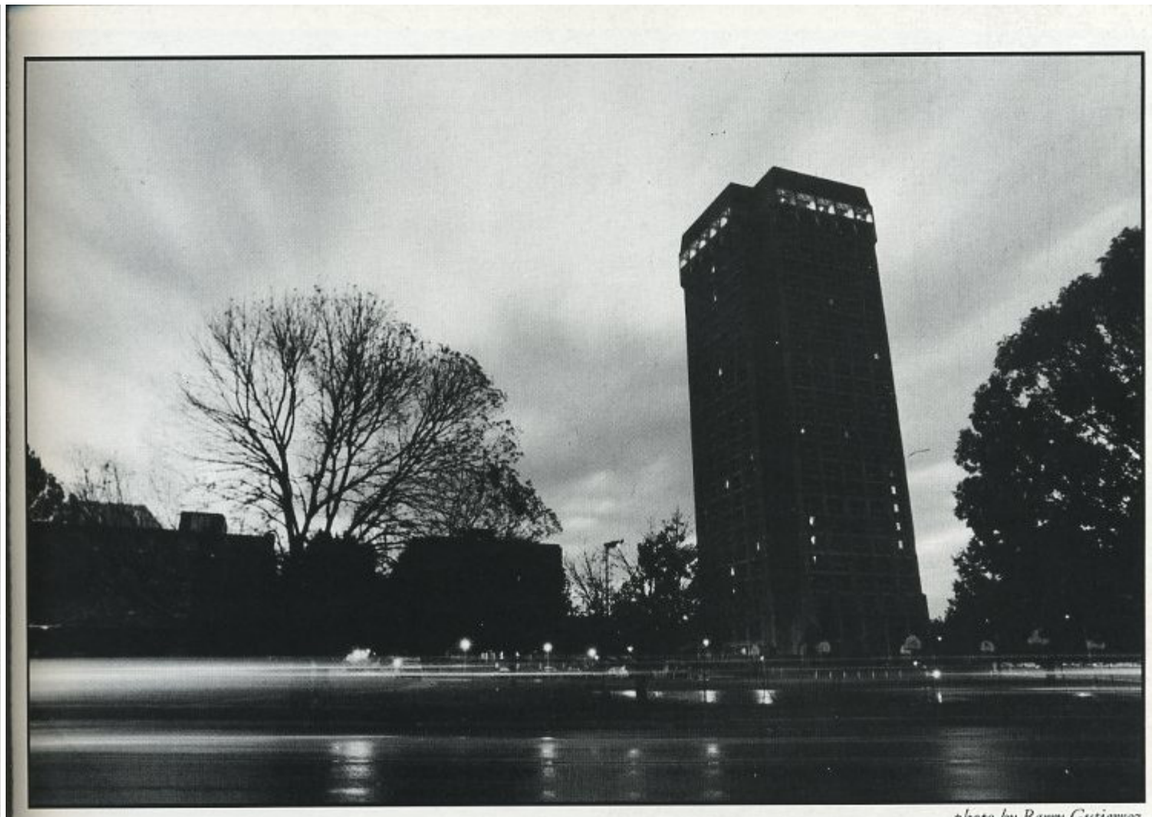


photo by Barry Gutierrez

Many students are attracted to Western for its scenic campus. "It's one of the things that made me come to school here," said Lisa Peterson, a Louisville sophomore.

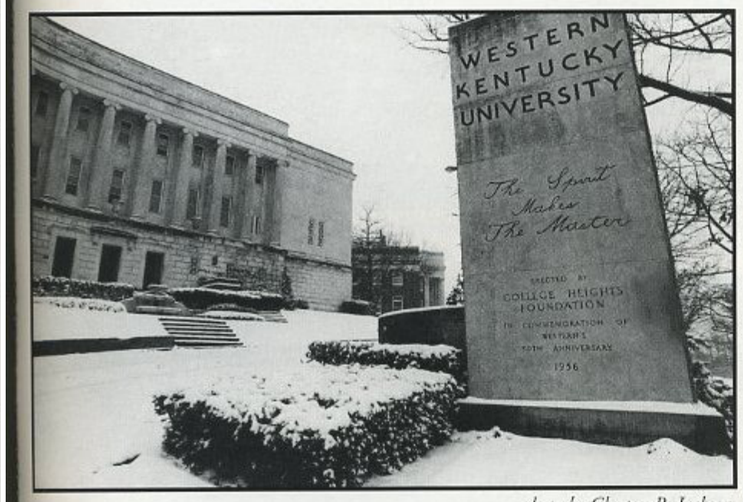


photo by Clayton B. Jackson

Classes were cancelled the first day of the Spring '96 semester after a storm left campus under about six inches of snow. Many students were stranded at home.

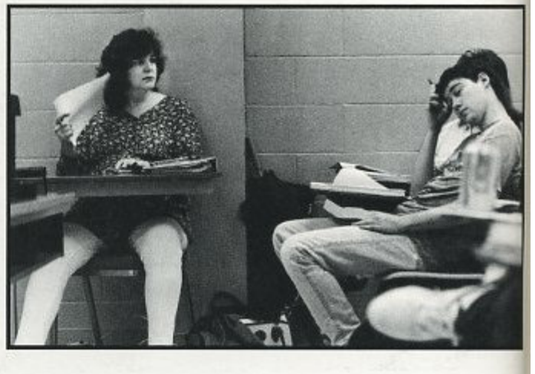
Pillars of Our Community

Grzywacz checks a patient's vital signs during her early morning rounds.

The Baby & the Nurse:

Deborah Grzywacz studies her field from both sides — as a nursing assistant and as a patient

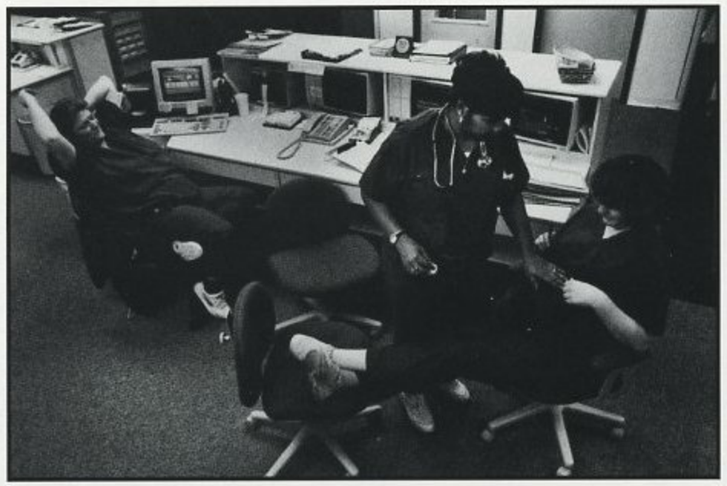
Photos by Chris Stanford



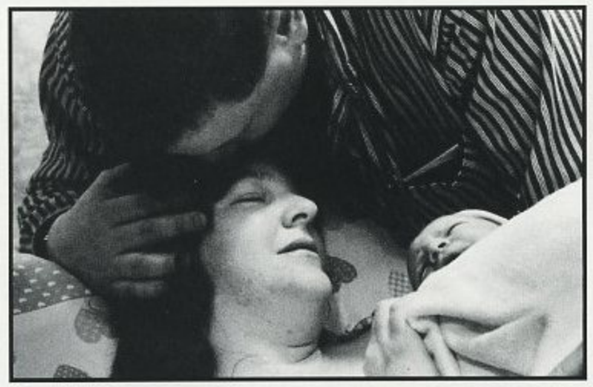
During one of her afternoon lecture classes, Grzywacz sits alone in the corner. "I have to sit in a chair with a nurses' table in front of me during class," she said. "I'm too big to fit in the desks so I have to make do."

Deborah Grzywacz, a 33-year-old student, is in her second year in the school of nursing at Western and plans to graduate in May. At the beginning of the semester, she and her husband Jim were waiting for their new baby.

Grzywacz comforts a patient while making her 2 a.m. rounds at the Bowling Green Medical Center.

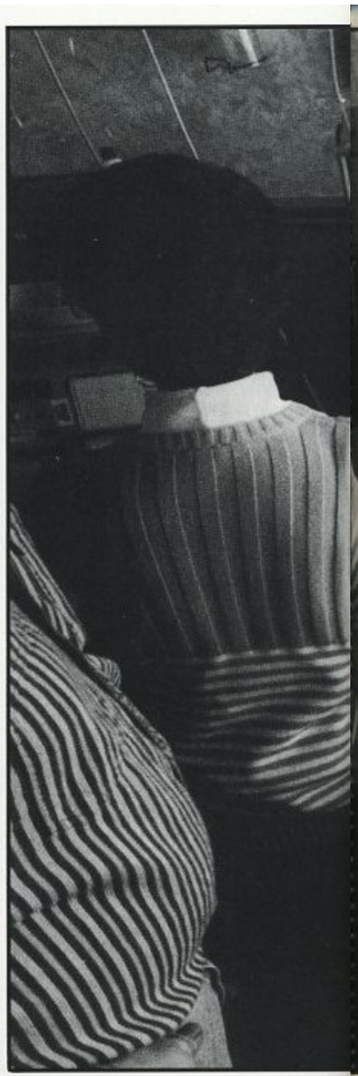


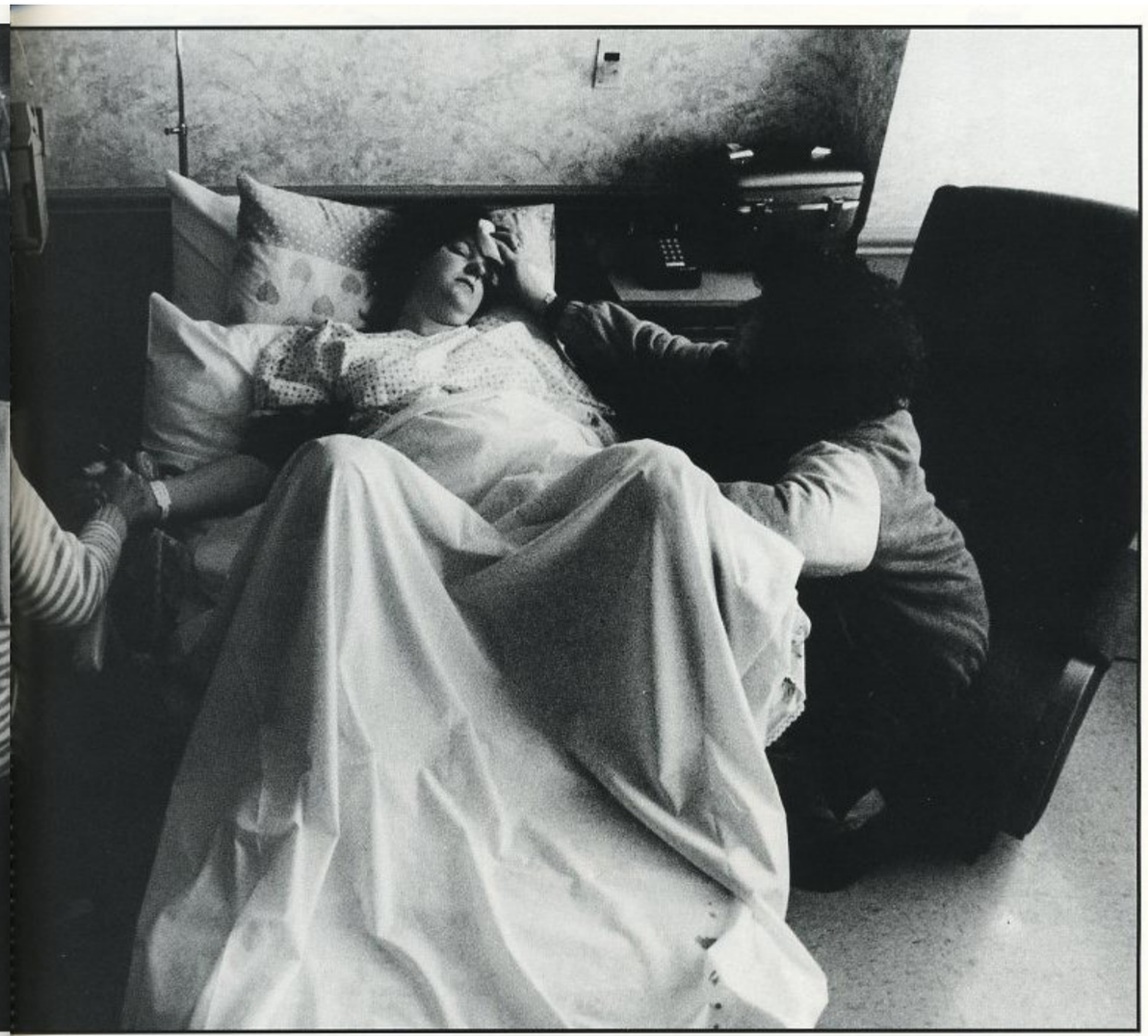
While taking a break at work, a nurse stops to ask when the baby is due. "I wish I could have the baby here because I know all the nurses," Grzywacz said, "but I can't because our insurance says we have to have it at Greenview."



After holding the baby for the first time, Jim Grzywacz kisses his wife as she holds their newborn son, James Gerard.

The Baby & the Nurse:





Exhausted after a contraction, Grzywacz receives comfort from her friend Jennifer Posey, right, and her aunt Dee Janes, left. At the end of over 13 hours of labor, she delivered a nine-pound boy at 2:46 p.m. Feb. 3.

Minutes after birth, a nurse cleans the baby and prepares to take his measurements for the hospital's records.

part one of a series

days on the Hill, nights at the palace

story by mark brown

Cinderella, get over it!

Sleeping Beauty, wake up!

Bowling Green has had its own Palace, and over the past year Western students of various genders flocked to its weekly Friday night balls. But check your assumptions at the drawbridge, because at this party, the performers, students, activists, social workers and everyday Joes and Janes that make up Bowling Green's gay community have met in something that's a lot more than your average fairy tale.

* * *

David Flaherty, a former Western student, is a little nervous about tonight's performance. A Wednesday night party at the Palace isn't a common occurrence, and tonight the spacious ranch house off Park Street has been rented to employees at Flaherty's work, a local restaurant.

To friends and co-workers, Flaherty is more commonly known as Gia Hall, his drag persona who makes appearances about once a week. Tonight he's anxious because his boss has never seen him in drag, and Flaherty wants his image as a her to be just right.

"I've got mall hair, my dress is dirty, and I haven't shav my underarms," he says, brushing some deodorant residu off a full-length black evening gown he just slipped on. H rearranges the foam semicircles that fill out the dress whe David stops and Gia begins. It's a quick metamorphosis, with the change from dude to diva taking about a half ho

Flaherty considers himself to be more than host to the 100 or so people — gay, lesbian and straight — who atte his parties each week. Whether in drag or not, David is "mother" for many of them.

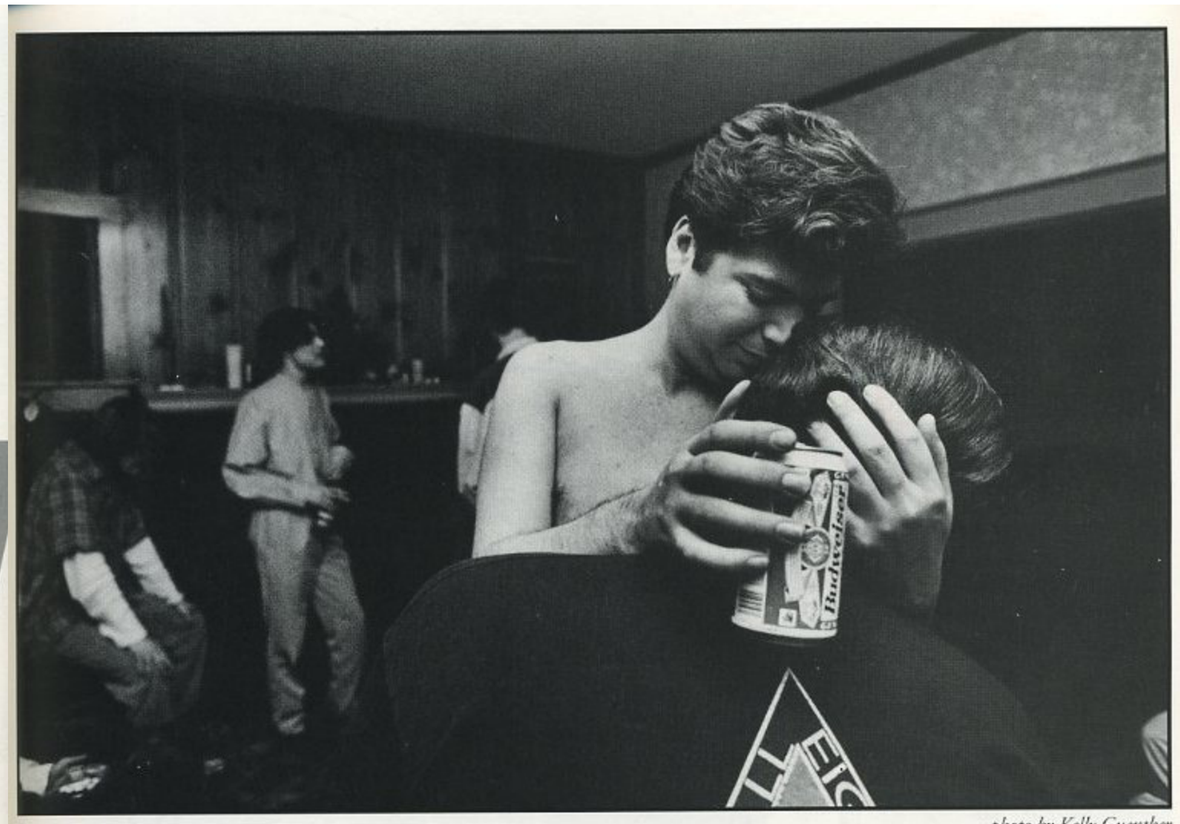


photo by Kelly Guenther

Western graduate David Flaherty/Gia dances with a partygoer during Monday Night Madness, a party at Gia's house. Gia moved out in January, but the house (known to many as the Palace) was the center of Bowling Green's gay community for

photo by Kelly Guenther

Franklin sophomore Jimmy Ausbroots/Pocretia, Russellville sophomore Jerry Hunsinger and Keith Grey of Owensboro cuddle in the kitchen at the Palace. Ausbroots and Hunsinger are chair and co-chair of the Lambda Society at Western.

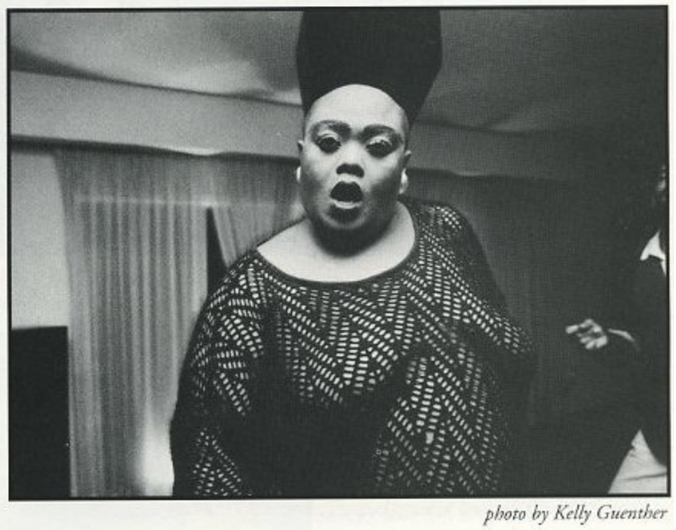
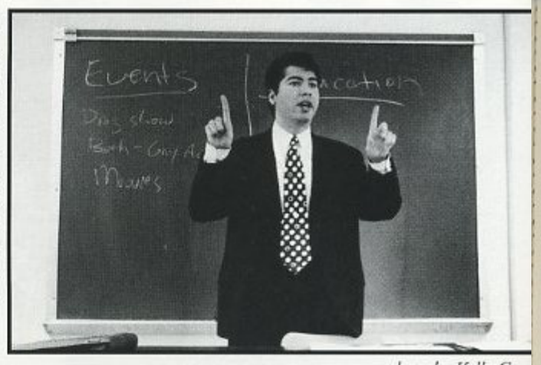


photo by Kelly Guenther

Lady Marmalade, a professional drag queen from Bowling Green, was a regular at Friday night Palace parties. Known for her outrageous head pieces and extensive drag wardrobe, Lady is popular in the gay community.

days nights



Active in the gay community, Flaherty speaks at the first Lambda Society meeting of the year. "Honey, I've been out of the closet since rocks," he said.

photo by Kelly Guen

photo by Kelly Guen

Tom Warner, left, was Gia's boyfriend for over a year. "I will always have a special place in my heart for Tom," Flaherty sa

Right, Flaherty is known in the gay community as Gia Hall. A former Miss Georgia, Gia is a drag idol in Bowling Green.
Far right, Despite being separated, Warner, who is from St. Louis, and Flaherty remain close friends. "If you would have told me two years ago that I would be dating one of the most prominent drag queens in the South," he said, "I would have said you were out of your mind."

photo by Kelly Guenther

photo by Kelly Guer

"All my Christmas presents were addressed to 'Momma' this year, because everybody here is so young, they all need advice, or a friend," Gia says as she leaves her bedroom. "It gets, well, not monotonous, but kind of tiresome at times, because there is no where else they can go to talk to somebody. I don't mind being a Momma too much, though I'm not that much older than all of my kids!"

Flaherty, who's returning to Western next fall to get a psychology degree, also plans to open a gay bar. He doesn't mind that his house is the center of Bowling Green's gay community, but he feels a bar would give residents a local outlet for socializing, dancing and drag shows instead of driving to Nashville or Louisville.

But it's not Flaherty speaking tonight, it's Gia. Sauntering her way into the kitchen, she recognizes some people who picked the wrong night to come ("I told the fags not to be here tonight," she whispers.) and runs into her boss. The middle-aged manager is only slightly shocked as Gia makes brief small talk and goes about arranging the hors d'oeuvres.

"I've seen him like this before," the man says, "He just doesn't remember."

***

Friday's party isn't that different from Wednesday's affair. Red and white lights still spiral on and off through the wide picture window in the front of the Palace. There are more men at this party — gay men at the Palace tend to outnumber lesbians about three to one. Flaherty isn't in drag, though many in attendance have gone all out for the '70s theme. This party is Pikeville sophomore Jarrett Muncy's first here, yet he expects it to be his last.

"I just don't consider myself a part of the Palace scene," he says. "I don't identify with their goals and ideals. And I'm in search of a long-lasting, trust-filled relationship, and I don't think you can find that at the Palace."

Muncy, a home economics education/interior design major, agrees that the gay community in Bowling Green needs an outlet or place to meet, he just doesn't think the Palace is the most positive place to do it.

photo by Kelly Guenther

Although Flaherty's lifestyle is different now, he was once an athlete in high school.

"i don't mind being a Momma too much, though i'm not that much older than all of my kids!"

—western graduate david flaherty

"Most of the people there are interested in one thing. Getting themselves intoxicated, and then having sex. And that's not what I'm interested in when it comes to romance."

Muncy went through years of emotional turmoil over his sexuality before he came to Western. As a freshman, he sought out the Lambda Society, Western's support group for homosexuals and bisexuals. He left the group when he felt it had been taken over by the "drag queen scene," which he says he just can't identify with.

"I don't want to be a woman. I've never felt like I want to wear dresses or change my gender. I'm just a man. I'm a homosexual, but that's just a facet of me. I have more to offer."

Some of Muncy's quiet enthusiasm starts to show at the party as he rocks to Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive," which he says could be his theme song.

"And I will!" he says, winking.

***

Mark Farley, another Palace resident, buzzes around this Friday night, making sure ice cubes and Redstone cola are in good supply. He says things have certainly improved for gays here from when he went to Western from 1981-86.

"Back then, there was maybe 60 of us here in town. Now there's what, two or three hundred, and probably more if they could be more out about it. Then, we'd cruise the Hill, or behind the old mall, but it was just some place to get together. It was just a part of the social scene."

Farley says he's seen a lot more people coming out, and at younger ages, but dismisses the idea that being gay is trendy among college and teen crowds. He chalks up the increase in gay teens he's seen to a more accepting society and increased media information.

***

Sixteen-year-old Eric, who requested his last name to be withheld, sometimes goes to Palace parties.

"There are some people that come on to everyone, and that's a bad thing," Eric says. "But you have to know how to handle that type of guy. I just tell them, 'No!' If I ever felt uncomfortable, I'd stop going."

Eric has been out of the closet for about a year, but only recently started going to the Palace. He says he's met many new people there, and was surprised to discover he wasn't the only gay teenager in town.

Eric says there's no support system for gay and lesbian youths in the area,

and he has found friendship and a listening ear at Palace parties. He still isn't ready to tell his parents of his sexual preference — they're not ready to hear.

"I don't think I'll ever be able to tell my father. I'm pretty sure he'd throw me out of the house, or something worse. My mother once asked me if I was gay, and I told her I wasn't, and she said that was good because she'd kill me if she found out I was."

Yet he thinks there's still a chance his mother might someday want to hear the truth about his experiences during the last couple of years, including attending a gay pride demonstration and AIDS vigil and the parties, which he tells his parents are attended by straight high schoolers.

"We have a cousin who is dying with AIDS. (Mom) seems to be changing her viewpoints slowly the more we hear about how sick he is, that she has to be compassionate for him. Maybe after he dies, she can show some kind of understanding to me and what I am."

***

AIDS has touched and taken the lives of many of Lisa Blair's friends. As regional coordinator for the HIV Prevention Community Planning Project, one of her goals is teaching people about HIV prevention. The job leads her to present herself at party after party, and her face is well known by many of the men there. She's here tonight, too.

"I guess I'm in a pretty unique situation as a straight person, getting to know the gay and lesbian community from the inside," says Blair, who admits she had a hard time blending in during her first visits to the Palace.

"During my first meeting with overtly gay people, I was so nervous," she says, still tittering when thinking about it. "Everything I said seemed to come out wrong, and it wasn't what I was meaning. I remember this one guy took me aside and said, 'Oh, girl, we understand. You're just gay illiterate.'"

Since then, her education by interaction with homosexuals has led her to a conclusion that might be startling for some.

"I feel gay people aren't that different from heterosexual people. They have the same feelings, they go through the same kinds of trials, especially in relationships. A lot of times society depicts gay people as promiscuous, and loud or obnoxious. But how many heterosexuals do we know that are like that, too!"

Blair applauds gay and lesbian partners who have maintained monogamous relationships.

"I've seen couples who have been together for 10 years and have the same level of commitment. It's unfortunate our government doesn't recognize gay relationships because they're just as valid."

Blair also realizes, however, that many people practice unsafe sex in areas like Lampkin Park or Hospital Hill.

"When we think about HIV prevention, we have to think about schools, clinics, but we have to think about the Palace, and those places, too. ... It's just going to happen, especially in a town like Bowling Green which doesn't have a bar or center where gay people can meet."

Blair says a raid last summer on Lampkin Park made many gays nervous, and it made her nervous about her work for prevention.

"If we're forcing the gay community to go underground then they'll be less likely to trust people like me who want to protect them. Many community members came to me, expressing their fears. All I could tell them at the time is, calm down, roll with the punches, we'll get through this together."

***

Local media picked up on the Lampkin Park raid shortly after details of the incident were released to the public. "Police target lewd activities in city park" was the Park City Daily News headline for Saturday, July 8, 1995. The story printed the names and ages of the men arrested during the three-day sting, and quoted Capt. Matt Harris' reasons for the bust.

"We just go by the facts and the law," he said. "This activity is a violation of the law. We're not making any judgments of lifestyles."

And he's right. Public sexual acts — homosexual or heterosexual — are illegal. And though a local representative of the American Civil Liberties Union doesn't see the raid as a violation of homosexuals' rights, she still is interested in taking a look at the case. Linda McCray, who has been a board member of the ACLU for the last year, is preparing to speak with the police about reports of their increased patrolling in the area in late January.

"This may be a potential violation of individual rights," she said.

***

But tonight's party hasn't been about politics — it goes on with increasing fervor and tightening quarters as most of the guests arrive around midnight. Things get interesting when three men with frat hats and Tommy Hilfiger shirts and a woman in similar conservative attire enter through the kitchen door.

It takes them about three seconds to realize they're at the wrong place. "A new record!" a young man with springing curly hair calls out. He soon joins two women chasing them down the driveway with giddy cackles.

"Come back," they cry. "You come to the right place, honey! Don't leave!"

But someone more intriguing has arrived. Flaherty bounds into the kitchen and stops short of ripping the massive Africanesque coif off the queen's head.

"Oh, girl, I love it!" he says, grabbing a pair of plentiful shoulders while others gather around.

"Mmm-hmm," the new arrival says, with a low voice drowned out by throbbing bass, white lights flashing against the deep brown foundation of her face. The song is Black Box's "Everybody, Everybody," though it might as well be "Hail to the Queen," in this royal abode.

The announcement bugled out to the kingdom this evening? Probably something like, "The Stepmother, be she evil or not, has arrived. Let the party begin."

Editor's note: *Due to financial difficulties, Flaherty moved out of the Palace in late January.*

photo by Clayton B. Jackson

Reading helps Muncy learn more about gay culture. Authors include Martin Duberman, John Preston and Paul Monette.

"i just don't consider myself a part of the palace scene."

—pikeville sophomore jarrett muncy

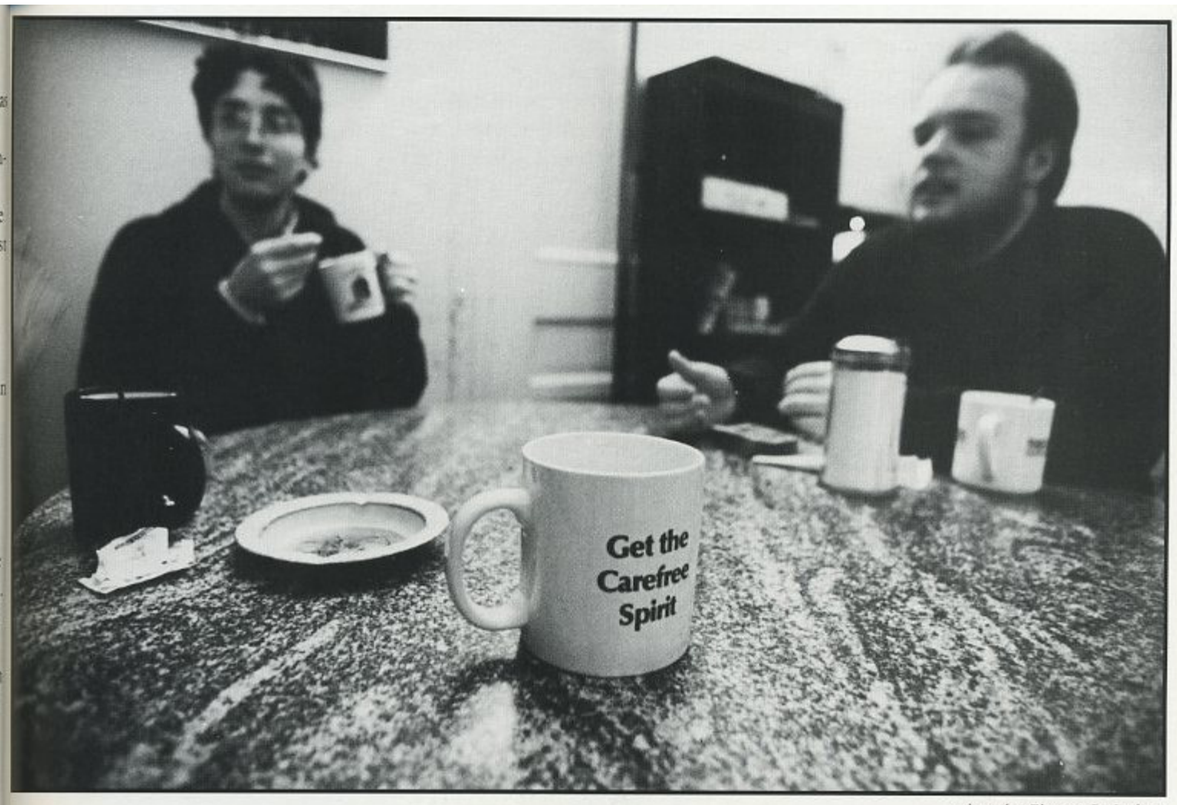


photo by Clayton B. Jackson

Several times a week, Pikeville sophomore Jarrett Muncy (right) frequents Café Voltaire for coffee and conversation with his friends, including Bowling Green freshman Benjamin Noonan.

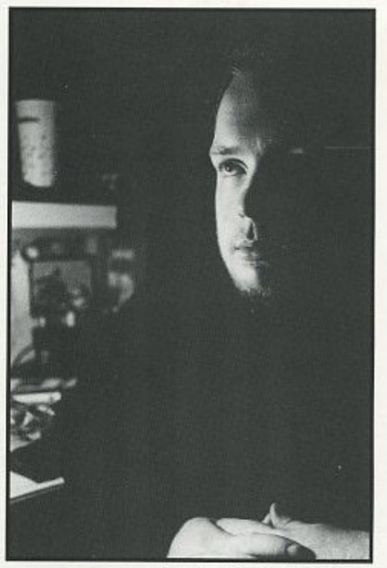
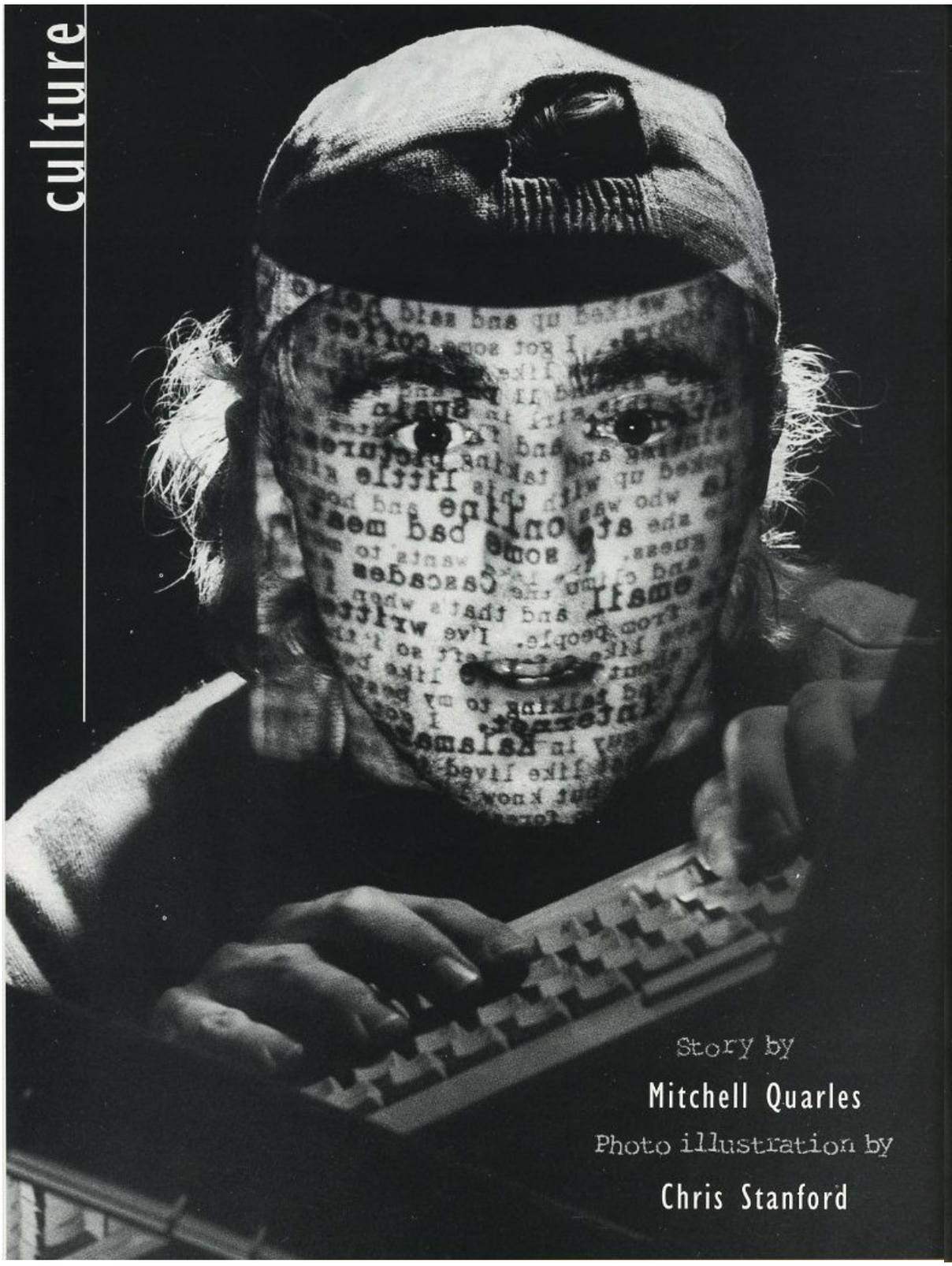


photo by Clayton B. Jacksoon

Muncy lives in a single room in Pearce-Ford Tower.



generation 'net

Have we found an identity in cyberspace?

Story by
Mitchell Quarles
Photo illustration by
Chris Stanford

It's 11:45 on a Tuesday night, and Louisville junior Kara Shields sits in the computer lab in Hugh-Poland Hall. From time to time she stops to rub her eyes, then continues to glide her fingers swiftly across the keys.

The computer lab closes in less than 15 minutes, but Shields isn't trying to finish a research paper or a project for class. Shields is a "user." In some circles, users are associated with drugs, but not on the 'Net.

Shields' habit is free, and the experience stimulates brain cells intead of destroying them.

"I've been using the Internet since last semester. Usually, I'm on it for about 12 hours a week," she said.

Just as CB radio got a handle on the youthquakers of the '70s, the Internet has got a line on the Generation Xers of the '90s.

An estimated 20 million people worldwide use it. And more than 5,000 students and faculty at Western have e-mail accounts through VAX and approximately 1,400 have accounts through the WKUnet, said Julius Sloan, director of Academic Computing and Research Services. There are also almost 200 World Wide Web pages posted in Netscape by Western faculty and students.

Who's on the 'Net?

Taylorsville senior Brian Travis has had his home page since August. His page features a picture of him holding a kidney stone he had removed, and another of him eating squid with some friends.

"My page just has fun stuff, and links that can take you to other World Wide Web indexes like Yahoo and Netfind that can take you to other people's Home Pages," Travis said. "Sometimes I get e-mail from other people talking about their kidney stones."

Cyberspace is as faceless as it is boundless. People on the Internet can be themselves or an image of the person they wish to be. But Cincinnati junior Chris Stothfang said communicating without seeing who he's talking to doesn't bother him.

"In a way, it does take away from the social aspect of interacting with the other person. But to me, it's like talking on the telephone," he said.

After meeting friends while on an exchange program in Denmark, Stothfang can now communicate with them via the 'Net in a "chat room."

The 'Net effect

And just how will the Internet affect a generation that will grow up along with it?

Travis, who averages about 15 hours per week on the 'Net, sees it as a positive outlet, and doesn't mind people who refer to frequent users as "Internet junkies."

"I think of it as a creative release," he said.

Psychology professor Sally Kuhlenschmidt said she just doesn't know for sure what influence the 'Net will have on this generation.

"We've never experienced anything like this before. We don't have a precedent to judge by," she said.

However, Kuhlenschmidt said she thinks distance is likely to have less impact on daily life because the Internet will make it easier to find friends, and to decide where and with whom you do business.

Also, she said it is likely that more young people will get involved in government and politics — it's easier to get a discussion group going because they can post a notice.

"But critical thinking will tell (what effect the Internet will have on this generation) because the information available is unedited, and they will have to make up their own minds," she said.

Laws and regulations for the Internet are being discussed. But for now, 'Net users will determine the boundaries of free speech.

Shields said she is aware of the variety of people who log onto the Internet. She said some of them often ask strange questions.

"Right now I'm on the blacksex line and this guy just asked 'What kind of underwear do you have on?' You have to watch out for stuff like that."

College: Easyride or strange trip?

Despite Hollywood's carefree image of college, students' lives involve as much work as play

When Tara Crump came to Western in fall 1991, she had no idea what college life would be like.

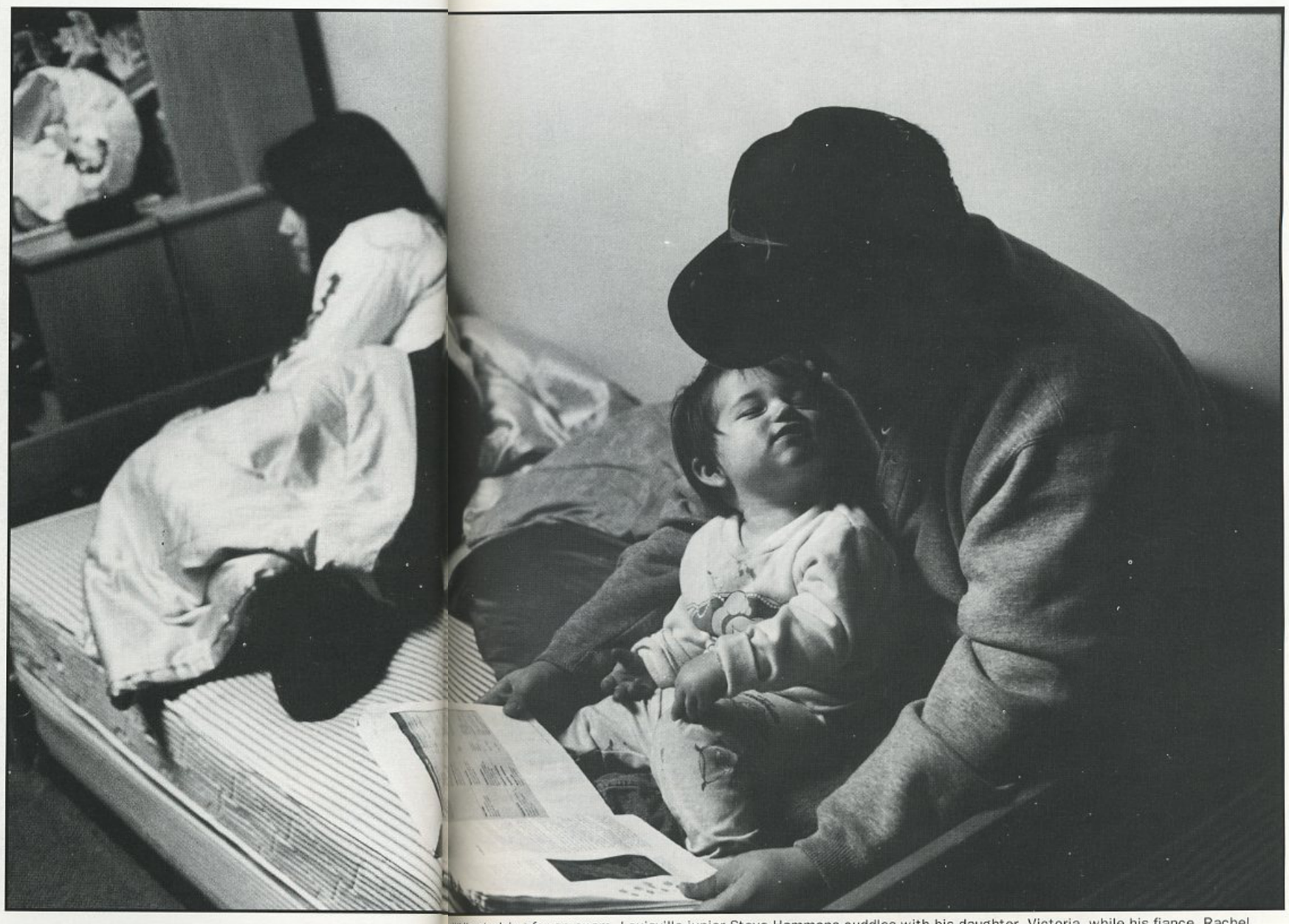
"All I had to go on was USA 'Up All Night' movies and I was pretty sure that wasn't it," she said, describing them as cheesy C-grade movies about skinny freshman geeks hunting sorority babes.

She soon figured out college isn't the easy ride — economically or emotionally — it seems in the movies. Her financial aid didn't cover all the bases. Within a few months she had to get a job selling movie tickets and answering phones and questions at Downing University Center. She's worked there for 15 hours a week ever since.

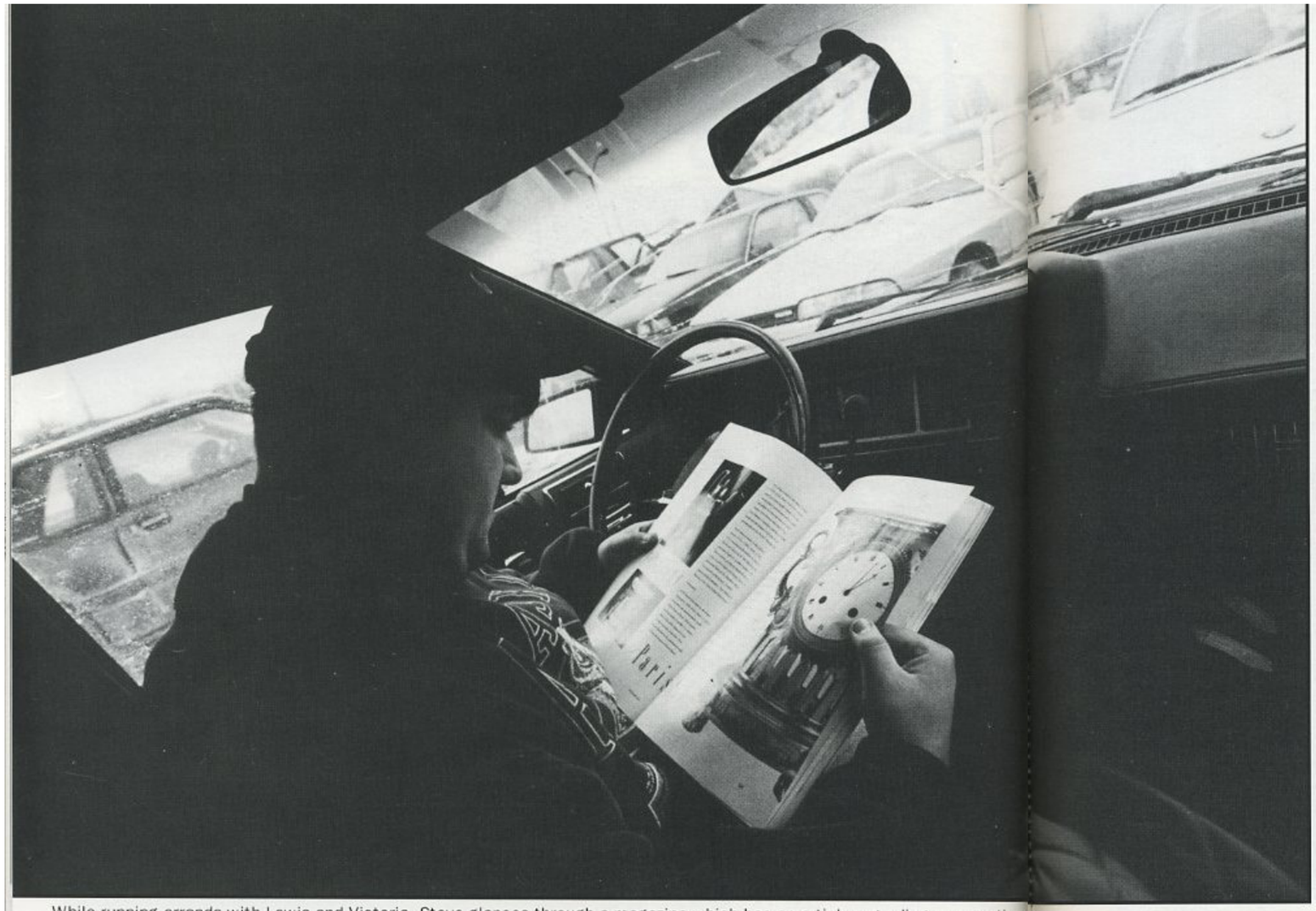
Hollywood's got it wrong. College may have a good relationship with sex, drugs and fun, but that's not all it's about. Many students are after an education and a foothold in the Real World, and they're working hard to get it.

College kids are borrowing a lot and working a lot these days. Following a 15-year trend, federal student loans made up 56 percent of all aid in 1994-95, according to the American Council on Education. But the threat of having to chip their way out of

Story by Kim Thomas
Photos by Ray Meese



While studying for an exam, Louisville junior Steve Hammons cuddles with his daughter, Victoria, while his fiance, Rachel Lewis, watches TV.



While running errands with Lewis and Victoria, Steve glances through a magazine which has an article regarding some antiques he has for sale.

debt is forcing many to work. It's a trend that's going to continue, according to Marilyn Clark, Financial Aid director.

So does Crump, a 22-year-old Louisville senior, feel like she's missing out on Hollywood's carefree college life? Actually, she thinks she's a normal student *because* she works. She may be right. This year, 9,682 Western students received some kind of financial aid. And 1,500 students work on campus, though 1,000 more applied, Clark said.

Crump makes $200 a month and has a $1,000 loan. But each month she doles out $265 for rent, $83 for gas and electricity, $45 for her phone, $100 for food and personal items, and $38 each for Visa, Mastercard and Discover. Her credit card debt is about $2,000.

"They're all from Christmas and Spring Break," she said. "Traps. When you're younger, it's the Columbia House trap. Now it's the more sophisticated traps like Visa, Mastercard and Discover — Discover the card that sucks you dry!"

But Crump would still be trudging along without those bills. She needs a more dependable car to get ready for graduate school, and just taking care of her apartment is a burden.

"There's always *something* you need to do," she said. "There's always something you need money for."

Unexpected expenses — car repairs, new books, bills, bills, bills — quickens the spiral into debt.

"All those trips to Denny's could have paid for my electric bill, but I just didn't see that coming."

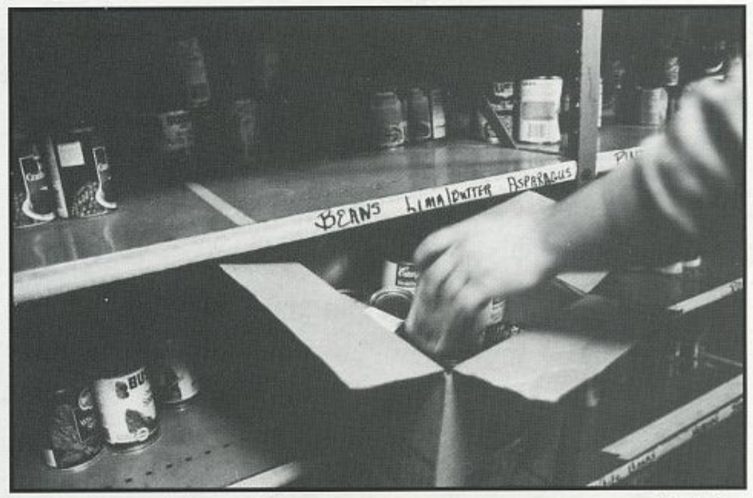
Crump said the worst part of not having enough money is stress — sweating over how to get pencils and copies for class, or going to Denny's with friends and ordering an English muffin instead of a Grand Slam.

"I'd really like to be able to pay my bills without worrying about how I'm going to get the money and where it's coming from," she said.

And would she work if she didn't have to?

"Yeah, because all my friends work, and I could not see myself just sitting on my duff all day," she said.

During an evening in his dorm room, Hammons works on restoring one of his antique pieces. Although he would like to work full-time with his antique business, he said the income is too unpredictable.



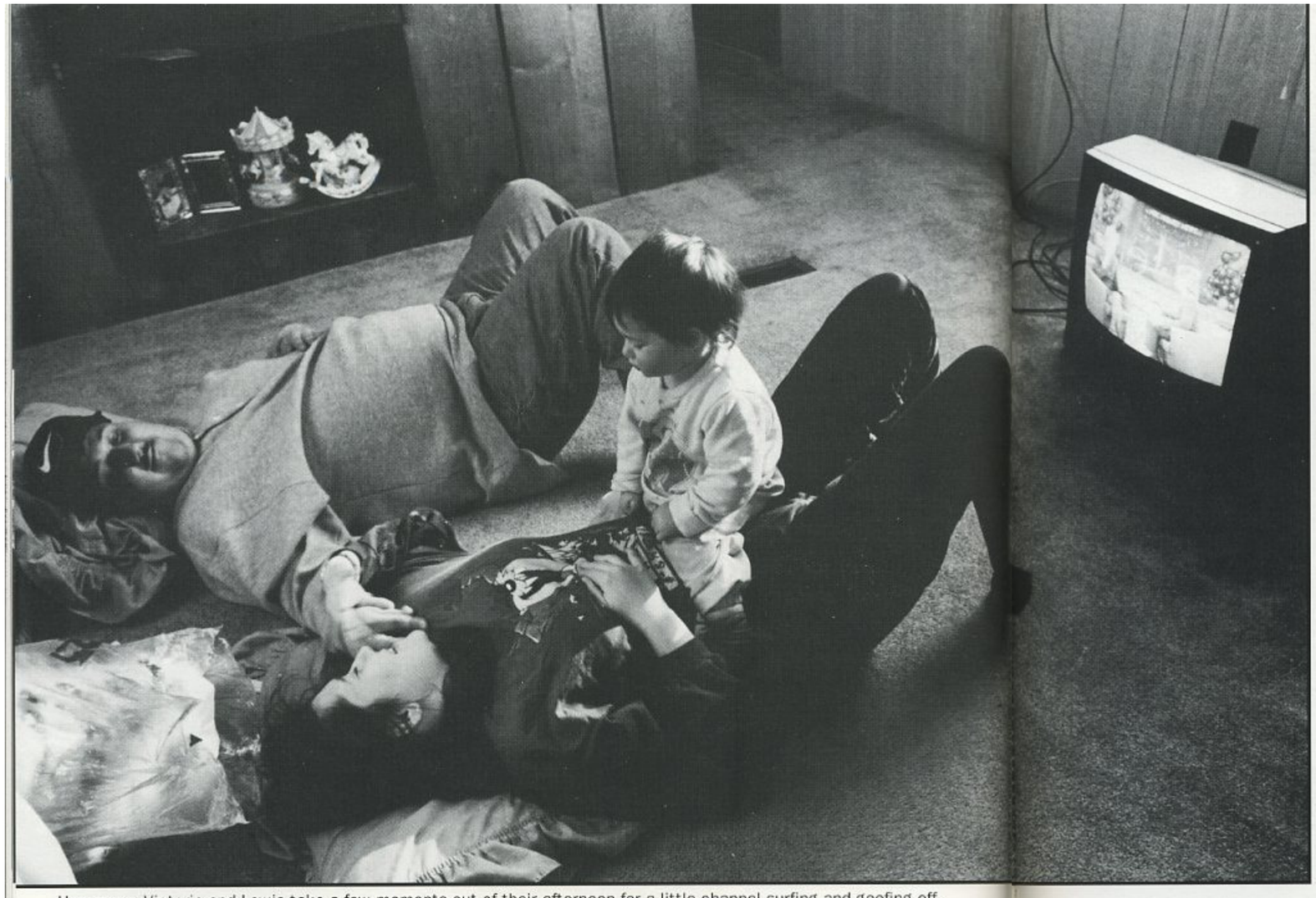
As a social worker for the Salvation Army, Hammons prepares boxes of food for people in the community. He works there about 29 hours a week.

Louisville junior Steven Hammons is pretty proud of two "wall pockets" he found at a yard sale. Yellow with pink flowers, the vases were smothered in cheap bronze paint by some owner who didn't know they're actually worth $75-100 each. Hammons did. He snagged the pair for $35.

"To most people, $35 is fun money," Hammons said. "That's where my fun money goes."

For the past year, Hammons has bought and sold pieces at a booth in the Bowling Green Antique Mall. It supplements his income, but it's not enough to cover the expenses his Stafford loan doesn't. He also works 29 hours a week at the Salvation Army, where he hooks people up with clothing, food and other necessities.

Hammons' income is sufficient, but he still has problems balancing his responsibilities. In February, his fiance and daughter moved to Bowling Green. He said all he really wants is the chance to provide for them, and occasionally to splurge.



Hammons, Victoria and Lewis take a few moments out of their afternoon for a little channel surfing and goofing off.

"I guess I want a job that's family-friendly," he said.

The Salvation Army has given him that. He described it as a personal place where employees can take off for family reasons, but he may have to find a new job. Up until now, he worked there during the day and took classes at night, but he can't get upper-level night classes in his public relations major.

"That really pisses me off," he said. "When you're a freshman, you can get night classes every daggone day. But by the time you're a junior, when you should have a job, you can't get a night class for anything."

Smiths Grove senior Janet Cline thinks people are crazy to believe the myth that students spend all their time partying on an open check from Mom and Dad. She has worked all the time she has been at Western, and hasn't had a friend who didn't.

Cline and her husband and two sons live on a tight budget, but their ends usually meet. Her income and financial aid cover school expenses, but she can't pay any family bills.

"If it weren't for the work study program, I would have to draw from our family budget, and that would be impossible," she said.

After working in a sewing factory for 17 years, Cline was determined to go to school. Every day, she juggles her roles as student, employee, wife and mother. The teacher education major worked first in food services, which she said was as hard as factory work.

"We had pots down there big enough to cook a person in," Cline said.

She worked in the library much longer, but quit in January to do her student teaching. Cline has no spare cash and no free time, but she never expected college to be easy.

"It seems like I'm going from one thing to the next all day long," she said. "I look forward to the time when I'm *just* a teacher."

Cline said she couldn't have made it without her husband's support. When she was a freshman, he took over caring for the house and their two sons, who were in high school. Now retired, he agreed to move with her wherever she got a job after graduation.

Despite his help, Cline's still busy. She gets up at 5:30 a.m. to get ready for an 8 a.m. class. She spends 9-10 hours a day at school and stays until she finishes homework and work hours.

"As soon as I get home, I go into wife and mommie mode," she said. "I long for free time, actually."

While grocery shopping at Wal-Mart, a wet and uncomfortable Victoria reaches to Mom and Dad for care.

College isn't the cheapest ride in the park. Getting an education is tough, but it can be the difference between running the ferris wheel or the whole carnival.

Tuition is the first obstacle and the hardest for many students. There are lots of financial aid funds available — $46.8 billion of aid was awarded in the 1994-95 school year, according to the American Council on Education. But tapping into it is like playing hide-and-go-seek; knowing the money is there doesn't help you get it. Aid is distributed according to federal formulas, a confusing swirl of ifs, ands and buts.

A lot of struggling students don't qualify, but Clark (financial aid director) pointed out that even if the requirements were changed, there's never going to be a time when someone or some group isn't struggling.

"I think education has become something that a student really has to want and be willing to work for and to make sacrifices for," she said.

Even students who get financial aid have excess expenses. After school fees comes rent, books, food, clothes and the whole gamut of little things that sends students to work or to Mom and Dad for money.

So how do students cope? What can they do to cover the gap where financial aid ends and personal income begins?

Crump concentrates on keeping her bills as close to her budget as possible. She turns out the lights and shops at Aldi, and she set up a few "house rules." She doesn't turn on the air conditioner or heat unless she has company, she's sick or she can't take it any more. She hates to ask her parents for money because she feels she has to pay them back with some of her independence.

"Getting my parents to give me money is like drawing blood from my own veins," she said. "The only difference between my parents and (giving) plasma is I don't have to stand in line."

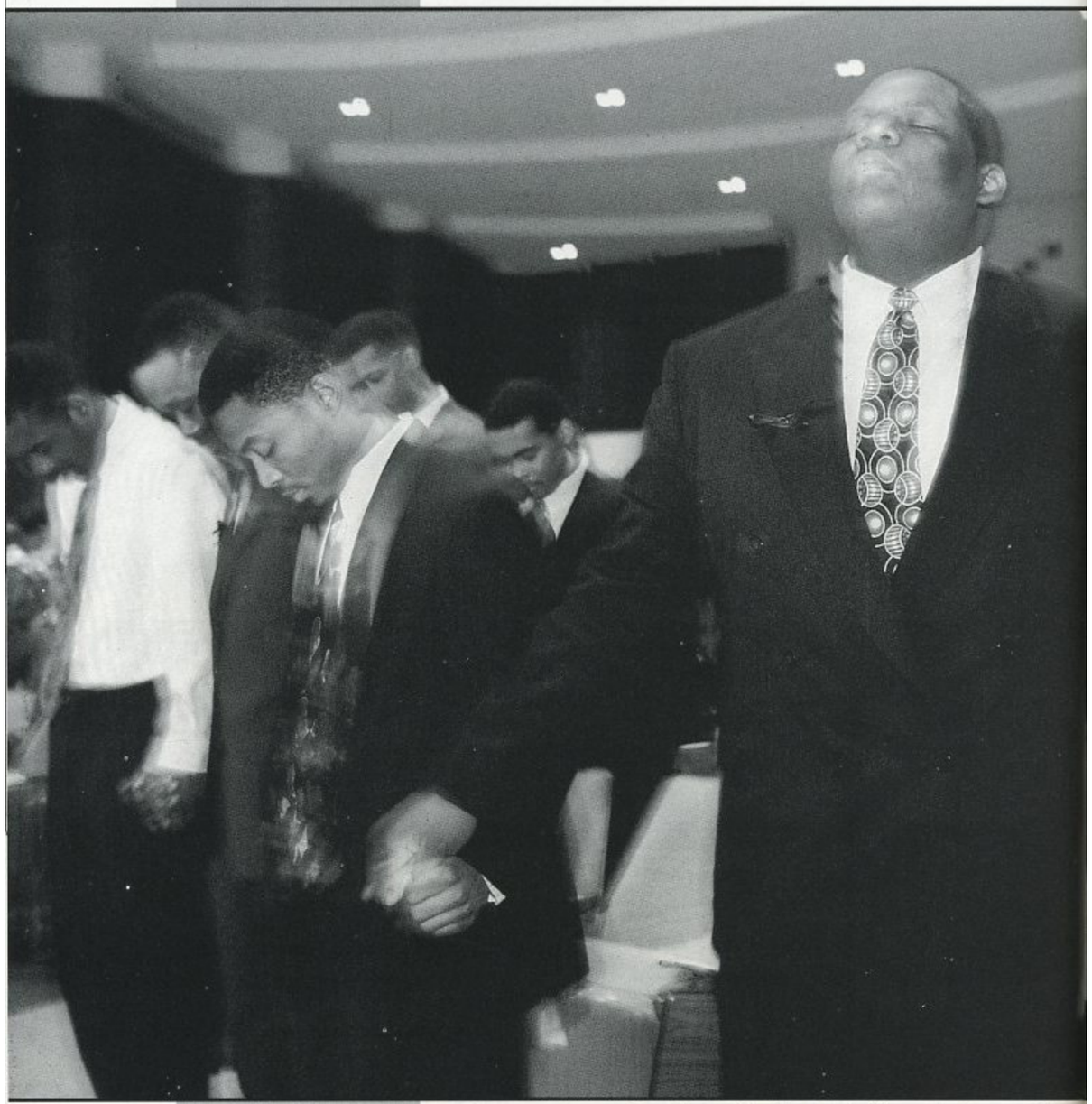
Aside from parents, there are few places students can go for financial help. So is college worth the trouble?

"Yes!" Crump said. "It's the experience. It's like that one spring break trip you took where everything went wrong but it was still fun."

MLK DAY

Celebrating the birth of a king

"So I say to you, my friends, that even though we must face the difficulties



Bowling Green senior Glen Townsend, Timothy Tibbs, a sophomore from Huntsville, Ala., Louisville senior Lamont Price a
Terrence Moore, a senior from Evansville, Ind., join in prayer at the conclusion of the Martin Luther King Jr. celebration
DUC Theater in January.

day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed — we hold these truth

today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream rooted in the American dream that one

A candlelight vigil is held before marchers singing "We Shall Overcome" made their way from Pearce-Ford Tower to DUC Theater.

photos by Mike Sweeney

to be self-evident, that **all men are created equal."** — *Martin Luther King Jr.*

Gag me with a spoon:

the regurgitation of the '80s has begun

Clumps of partiers packed Lee Brackett's orange and green living room at a 1980s theme party in February. The Madisonville junior's apartment shook and the floor bounced as dozens of students revelled in the atmosphere of the last decade.

The fun-seekers paused to applaud when Louisville sophomore Jennifer Kays arrived. From side-ponytail to converse high-tops, she looked like she just stepped off the cover of a Cindy Lauper album. Her outfit was perfectly '80s, a peach-colored dress with ragged edges and chunks of poofy slip poking out under it.

The '80s are back and better than ever, according to one of many infomercials pushing the decade's music. And music stores and radio stations have tapped into the trend.

"Everyone's gotten sick of the '70s again, which — thank God — didn't take long," said Paul Johnson, a music director at Mix 103.7. He said in February that the fad led the station to consider getting an '80s show.

Johnson said until a year ago Mix 103.7's playlist was mostly Top 40 tunes, with a few '80s chartbusters sandwiched in. Now he can play more than the decade's mainstream music.

So why the nostalgia for music from a decade six years behind us? Brent Fisk, co-owner of Box of Rocks, said groups like Nirvana and Pearl Jam started the resurgence of the '80s. Their popularity allowed radio stations to play bands that influenced them, and it renewed interest in the older music.

Johnson said pop radio is alienating a lot of people right now with its "weird" selections. So music fans look back to music they grew up on.

"It's safe," he said. "It's music people know."

He also said it'll last longer than the '70s revival because that one focused on disco, which all sounds the same. The new trend involves all musical genres, and none are much more popular than the others, he said.

Radcliff sophomore Shameca Ashby said the '80s were fun and exciting, with new musical styles and trends, like videos.

"It brings back our childhood, especially for college students," she said. "It's all about reminiscing, about when you could go to the movies without worrying about a drive-by."

Brackett agreed that the era holds fond memories for students.

"It's when everyone had their prime — high school, junior high and stuff," he said. Why an '80s party? His last party was a '70s prom, so it seemed like a natural progression.

Brackett's party could have been an infomercial. Students blathered about breakdancing and banana clips as they milled around in torn jeans and denim jackets — one of which had "die yuppie scum" scrawled on the back. Once in a while, they recalled pieces of songs — "867-5309" and "My Prerogative." Squeals gushed from every corner when "Angel in the Centerfold" came on.

"Naah nah na-nah nah nah, nah nah nah na-nahh nah nah nah," they chanted, romp-stomping and bee-bopping. "My blood runs cold! My memory has just been sold! To the angel in the centerfold!"

Story by Kim Thomas

Mike Stephens, manager of Pac-Rat's, said there has been phenomenal interest in '80s music over the last two years.

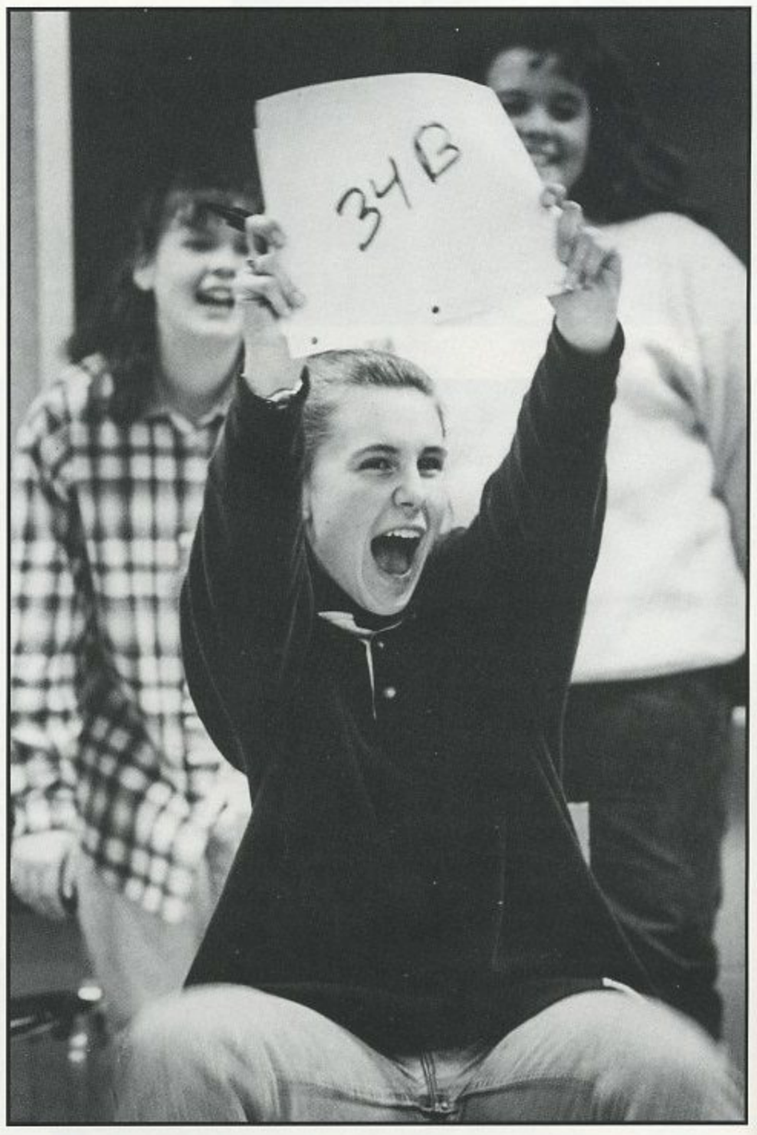
photo by Clayton B. Jackson

photo by LeeAnn Scantlin

Jeremy Benton, a sophomore from Greenbriar, Tenn., and Kristy Gustafson, a junior from Erie, Pa., donned some '80s attire for a theme party in February.

the Greek experience

part two of a series



During Rush week activities, Woodburn freshman Catherine Pearson's team wins a round of a game designed to allow actives and rushees to get to know each other.

Samantha Moseley, Alvaton junior and Ceres president, inspects a sample of peat-moss with Alvaton sophomore Angie White during Greenhouse Technology class.

A Family of Farmgirls

Story by Amanda Davis Photos by Greg Cooper

A condom, a cow pattie, two signatures from frat boys, and something Wrangler — it's not the typical scavenger hunt. It's not the typical sorority.

Ceres, a sorority named after the Greek goddess of agriculture, began in spring 1995 with about 11 members. But these girls don't prance around in Daisy Dukes and checkered shirts with corded collars like on the "Dukes of Hazzard." They may be country girls, but they take themselves seriously.

The organization is for women interested in agriculture, and its 16 members hope to join the 10 other Ceres groups across the country.

Some students who helped found Ceres at Western believe it's unique because many members are self-proclaimed farmgirls.

"There are some of us who've never been around animals before and some like me who've grown up on it," Dunmor junior Sonja McPherson said.

McPherson believes the sisters bond because they share the same values and interests. She never thought she would be boasting about joining a sorority — it wasn't her crowd.

"Personally, I thought sororities were wild and dingy, but Ceres changed my outlook on sororities. ... They are not dingy, not meaningless. Ceres doesn't seem like one."

Linda Brown-Fergerson, associate agriculture professor and Ceres faculty advisor, called the program "delightful." Ceres gives any and all students a place to belong, she said.

"College campuses are very lonely places," Brown-Fergerson said. "People are very shy ... they may sit by each other for four years and never speak to one another."

She said this is Western's first sorority catering to female agriculture majors. Alvaton junior Samantha Moseley, Ceres president, believes agriculture is usually a boy's club.

"It's the same as having boys in Home Ec."

Many of the girls spent so much time together in classes, it was inevitable that they form a sisterhood. And people have recognized their closeness, Moseley said.

Even informal rush in January was unusual. There were no dresses, no tea parties, no bows — only a couple of pairs of Wranglers, some boots and friendly faces. They went on a scavenger hunt, ate at Ryan's and played games so rushees would feel comfortable.

"We don't have letters. We don't dress a certain way, or hang with certain people," Proctor said. "We don't convey that kind of thing."

Cara Kulenkampte, an Evansville freshman, calls Ceres home.

"I have the background," she said. "I'm not anything near an ag major, but it's a close knit group ... a family."

Paducah sophomore Beth Dailey is a Ceres member.

But recognition and closeness can only go so far — the organization is still facing challenges. The top priority is to get a house. For now, they meet at the Farmhouse (the home of the ag fraternity), the Environmental Science building or an apartment. They have a committee for the house, but with no alumni, there's no cash. Moseley and other members have discussed renting a place and calling it the Ceres House like members of Farmhouse did last year.

They also have to contend with completing their charter, which means creating by-laws, establishing a philanthropy and forming some programs before they will be classified as a chapter in the national organization, Moseley said. However, they continue to do things their own way.

"We aren't the example," Olmstead senior Sheri Proctor said. "We do things the way we want them done."

But teamwork still seems to be the name of the game.

And with teamwork at the party, the Ceres rushees found a cow pattie. Some girls had them in their trunks — encrusted on the bottom of their boots.

The sorority members hope to create a sisterhood, a family away from home. It doesn't always take stone and mortar to build one. Sometimes there are only a few winning ideas, a leader, and in Ceres' case, a pair of sturdy boots.

The stone and mortar can come later.

Bobbie Ann Mason answers a question posed by one of the students and faculty in attendance after the reading.

Bobbie Ann Mason signs a copy of "Feather Crowns," her latest book. Her previous novel, "In Country," was made into a film.

Signing Times

story by Mark L. Brown photos by Clayton B. Jackson

Kentucky author's February visit draws a crowd of 300

She's been sitting near them for several minutes, but many of the students who just bought one of Bobbie Ann Mason's books for autographing still don't know that the woman in a cerulean jumper and thin glasses is her. It's only after English professor Joe Survant announces her and the plain, contained woman approaches the podium that they realize.

"I don't think I've ever read anything she wrote," says one girl with hair pulled back tightly to her head.

"I read 'Shiloh' for English 200," says another in a striped large-weave sweater, and she's not alone.

"Shiloh" is Mason's most famous work, her breakthrough story, the first of 20 pieces she submitted to The New Yorker to be accepted. "Shiloh" can be found in "The Norton Anthology of Short Fiction" alongside some of Mason's favorite authors like James Joyce and Vladimir Nabokov. Tonight, though, she'll be reading "Third Monday Blues." She's almost hidden by the massive lectern as she begins a preface to her story, and only those students in the front row can see the subtle half-moons and stars which dapple her dress.

You may have heard of something called Third Monday or First Monday or whatever. I know you're familiar with flea markets which have a tradition in the South of having a trade [illegible] on a circuit...

A lengthy introduction that ends up giving the explanation for the phrase "You look like a third Monday mule." But it's a necessary transition that Mason must make, turning her listeners' minds toward exchanges both human and material, to lost lives like that of Ruby, whose presence at a baby shower in "Third Monday" quickly jumps to her recent mastectomy, and Buddy, her boyfriend who woos Ruby with the guise of selling her hunting dogs. By the time Mason is finished, both of their lives hang in suspended anticipation. Yet Mason hints at a new life out of the chaos, and the audience applauds.

> "Yes, I rewrite," Bobbie Ann Mason says matter-of-factly. "A lot. Mostly I rewrite." They're still cheering with chuckles when she qualifies herself. "Twenty to 30 drafts," she admits.

Survant allows early-leavers their exit, as Mason asks another English professor in the front row if her stories sound better with your eyes closed.

Mason's eyebrows tense at each question. Her responses start off sternly, yet tend to trail. One query from a young man in a T-shirt and bone necklace recognizes a proliferation of birds in her stories and wonders if they're a recurring theme or have just "migrated through."

"I'm sure they just kind of appeared there because they happened to be flying across the window at the time," Mason responds, stepping away from the podium's white cement blocks, which have designs like birds in flight. "Mostly, I'm just grasping for images, so I'll take something like a bird and just develop that."

Her response to a question concerning revision from the back of Garrett 100 gets the biggest reaction.

"Yes, I rewrite," Mason says matter-of-factly. "A lot. Mostly I rewrite." They're still cheering with chuckles when she qualifies herself. "Twenty to 30 drafts," she admits.

Survant soon signals it's signing time and she's led to a lobby table. Mason offers a personal exchange with each requester, giving extended interest to those cultivating similar fields.

She recounts her early work writing articles about The Hilltoppers, a local '50s singing group whose fan club she led, but acknowledges having visited Western few times since the group moved on to bigger hills, as did she. Out of Mayfield, Ky., to New England, then back to Andersen County, where she'll return after the signing.

A stout man in blue flannel with a bushy raven beard questions the end of "Shiloh." He says he thinks it's positive for the protagonist because the Union did win the war. She ponders his revelation as one more hopeful arrives, handing her his poetry, seeking publishing advice.

"I would submit it on plain paper," she suggests, pointing to angels on the eager man's stationery which dangle fat toes where commas should be.

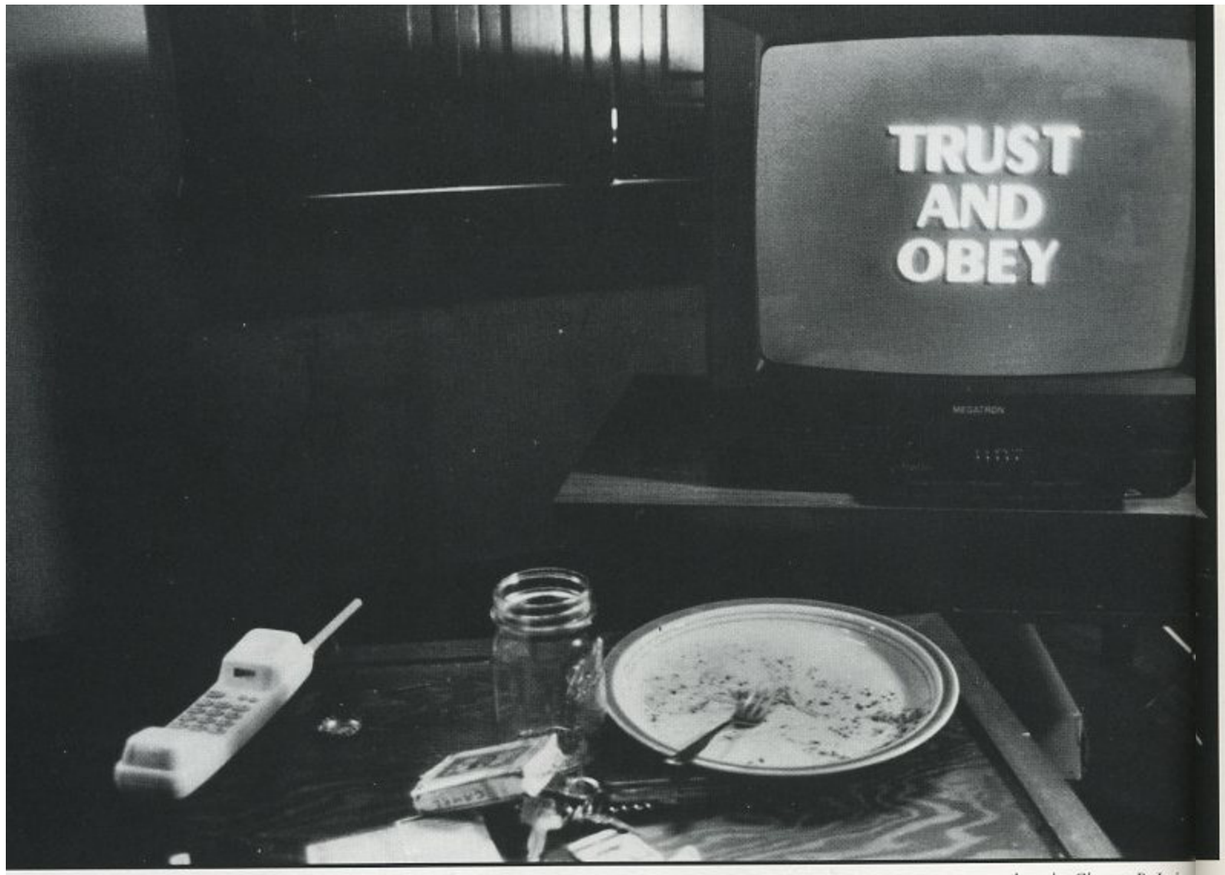


photo by Clayton B. Jackson

House In June

The kitchen blooms in vagrant peels and pepper.

Houseflies pray over a bowl of blood oranges.

I am caught in red walls, moldering rugs,

scent of vanilla and rot. I lie unfolded,

a painted fan under three paper lanterns,

drowning in dust and voices

that sneak through the keyhole.

The Evening News

She clicks the lamp off and stands still, adjusting herself to the darkness. For a moment, the solid shapes of her furniture shift, unwinding into their shadows. Moving in the secondhand glow of the street-light by her window, she starts to make a pitcher of tea. Now there is the warmth of a gas ring and the smell of the tea bag as she holds its dry belly to her nose and breathes in. Watching the blue circle flicker and turn yellow where it touches the base of the kettle, she feels the cat circling her legs and scratches its gray coat with her toe. She hears a noise outside that isn't familiar to the warm insides of her house.

"I can hear that," she says to herself, and presses her ear against the door. She has been waiting for something like this, watching the evening news, buying up cylinders of mace which she lost in the clutter of her home. Now she is leaning hard against the door, her left ear crushed into the wood. Through it she hears a rushing emptiness, like sea water swallowed by a shell. The sound doesn't repeat, and feeling returns to her feet and hands, her stomach unties itself.

"Here cat," she says, and as the white kettle spits water hissing into the flame, she hears something rattling at the window.

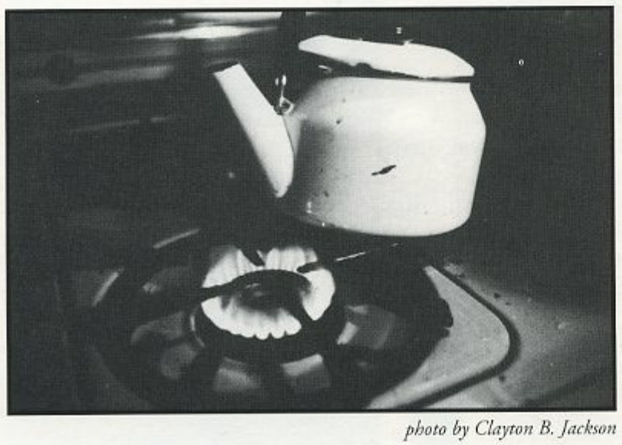


photo by Clayton B. Jackson

by Stephanie Pippin

The Playground

"But what *do* you want?" he asks.

"Not flowers or perfume this time," she says. Christine is standing on top of a jungle gym, balancing on one of the six-inch wooden beams.

"I know what you *don't* want," Jeff says. He is standing in the damp, packed sand beneath her with his hands in his pockets. Today is the first sunny day in a long time, and Jeff finally agreed to go to the park like they used to.

"Now how do I get down?" she says.

"Flip over the beam and drop."

"I'm scared."

"Then cross the beam and climb down."

"I don't want to cross, Jeff," she says, "Maybe we can go up to Cincinnati and see a baseball game — my dad used to take me up sometimes on weekends."

"Well, you can't just stay up there all day," he says, "besides, you don't even like baseball."

Christine sits down on the beam, dangling her legs between monkey-bars. Across the sand lot, a little girl in polka dots is spiralling down the bright orange tornado slide. At the bottom, her father catches her and lifts her up, holding her to his neck and wiping off the seat of her pants.

"So what do you want?" Jeff says.

"I want to go home." Christine rolls backward off the beam, swinging from her arms and dismounting in one fluid curl.

—For Kristina

by Keith Payne

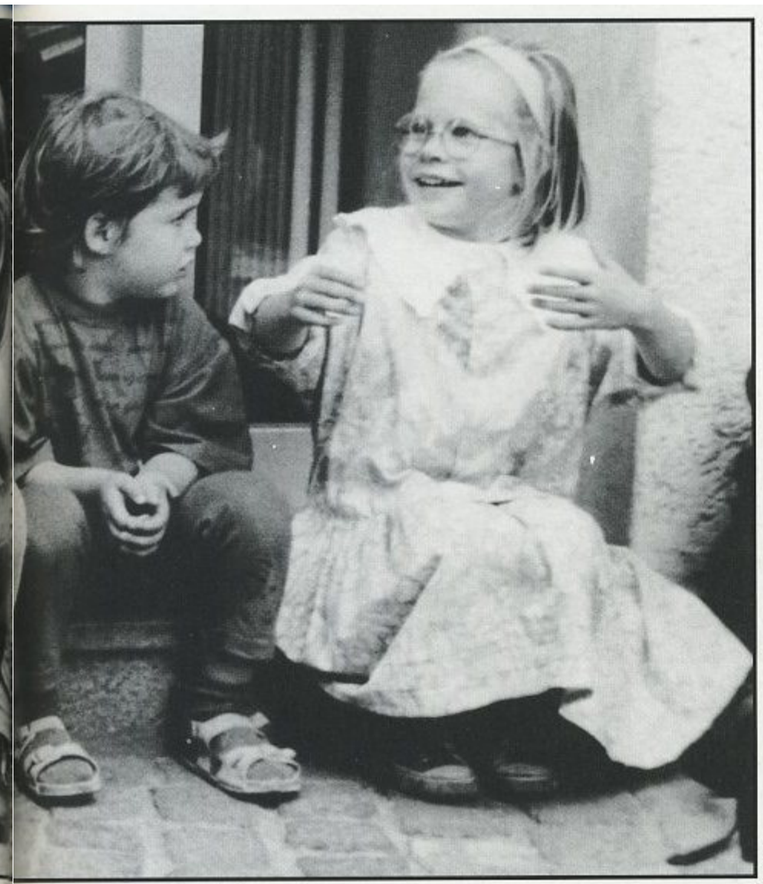


photo by Clayton B. Jackson

photo by Clayton B. Jackson

Potted Plants

by Carl Ballard

My mom has a green thumb;
anything will grow in her house.

She adjusts the hanging plants,
digging into the soft soil,
watering the roots, talking
to the leaves the way she read
about in Better Homes and Gardens.

Soon they will need transplanting,
roots a web of thought and care
bound tight to diminished dirt.

She is teaching my sisters the art —
standing them in direct sunlight,
pruning away their rough edges,
watering them down, saturating them
with nutrients for the seed of their kind.

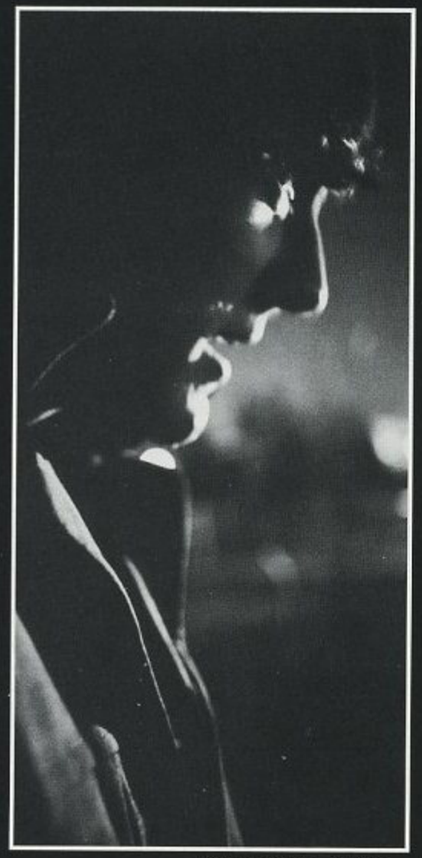


photo by Clayton B. Jackson

Down Moon

A harvest moon will only come out
during high school football games,
or when evening church services
let out late.
And it won't leave the sky
until a man with tattoos
who works third shift
looks up
and blots it out with his thumb.

Down on the Licking River
fireworks arc over the water
as the swelling wake of a speedboat
heaves a bruised body onto the pink sand.

Tom's Farthest Distance

"What time did you leave?" I asked. Tom said it was early — the sky was dark like the TV screen.

"Around five?"

Yes.

It was three o'clock now and the sun slanted in the sky, creating shadows of obtuse triangles under the white gutters. "That's 10 hours," I said. "Did you make it to the pole?"

Tom said yes. He liked distances — seeing things from far away. He'd stand near me for moments to look at my clothes, and in foot after foot paces, he would walk in thudding footfalls to far points sometimes atop rock outcroppings across the creekbed.

by Andrew W. Gallagher

photo by Clayton B. Jackson

Aunt

Her house collects soot by the spoonful.
She looms, white as a root in stale chairs;
her wool top yawning around blunt, stunted buttons.
Her moods of wire and tin keep guests away.
They are nervous, imagining mites hooked
in her hair, or knots that roost on her blankets.
Even her windows grow sullen with dust.
Daily she churns through her scrapped tower.
They wonder what squalor she stirs.

by Stephanie Pippin

Woman Ironing

Pablo Picasso (1881-1973)

Her workroom sweats a dull smell of wet leaves.
One sober chair droops against a dim well,
its wood muffled by cotton laundry.
A woman wilts from the tired angle of her shoulder,
pressing down on spite and steam.
Her body bends into the iron, abandoning wrinkles
to the soaked heat on a worn table.
The day burns up, runs under her hands
into smooth lines of stiff gloom.
She cringes, then forgets her scalded fingers,
waiting to examine them later
in the syrupy street-light as she drags home
ignoring the moon hunched in its clear sky.

photo by Clayton B. Jackson

When he got to where he was going I could see his hands gesturing as if working a sextant.

Tom and I often went to baseball games together. There were many distances there, he said. Tom pointed out that — in our seats tucked under the crisp silver of the stadium lights – there was a second delay between the time the bat makes contact with the ball and when we actually hear the smack of contact.

"Aren't you tired, Tom?" I asked.

He said yes. His clothes were flecked with brambles and he smelled the bourbon-smell of deadfall and rotting leaves, astringent piney wildflowers.

"That's the farthest point ever," Tom said, "The electric pole in the woods."

I looked. It was far — and the power lines — up close as thick as baby's arms — looked like spider silk.

"Yes, Tom, that's far — but what about those clouds out there?"

Cirrus clouds stood motionless above the electrical tower in the woods, sails unfurled on the sky.

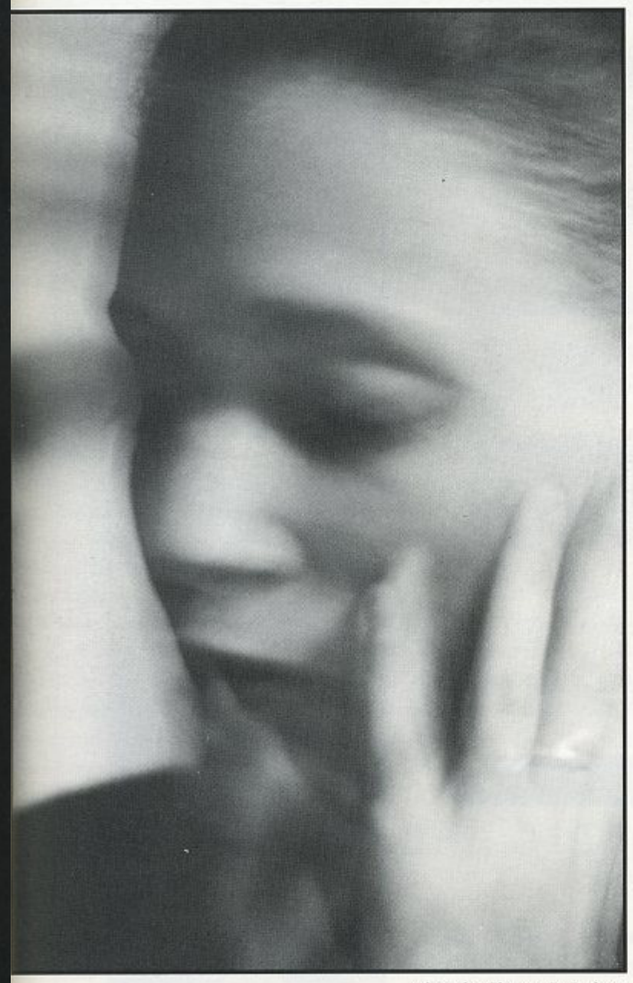


photo by Clayton B. Jackson

Suspension

I consider the intentions of ivy
winding up to fold in my house.
A bottle of day-lilies
crumble around themselves.
Afternoon. A glass of water.
The rainstorm pulled me from pillows
held tight to my body.
From this rook of cotton I throw out
vision like fishnets, gather the shadows
of trees, their color of coffee.
Your face is a lingering thought,
thick with the smell of my skin
uncovered beneath the open window.

by Stephanie Pippin

A Kind of Baptism

by Carl Ballard

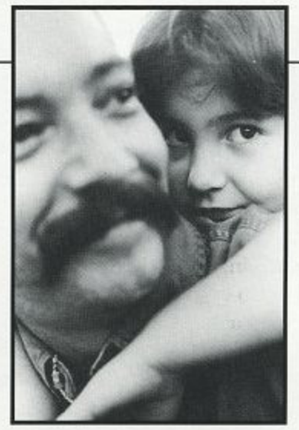
Tonight it all just rolls
over the falls of
the Ohio –
a river swollen with
the wash of the city.

The half-moon, half-empty,
watches from the hills over
Indiana, slipping out
from time to time
to test its reflection
against the chill of the water.

It all moves downstream:
the long nights awake
I called out your name, a crisp antiseptic;
the hours spent
leaning on the door frame, waiting
for the phone to mention us.

Tonight it all floats –
you in the darkness
flowing under someone else,
me in the river,
washing it all toward the falls.

For My Father, Chasing Autumn



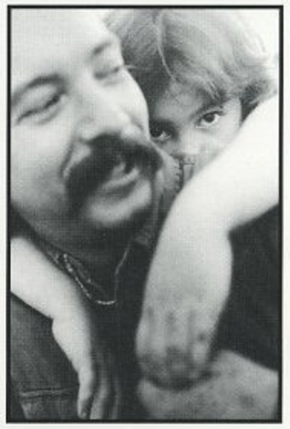
In the leaves of the family photo album,
a much younger man
hugs me to his hip,
our eyes squinting out of the bright sun
of Florida summer.

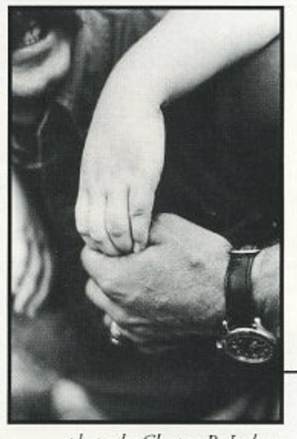
The trips you take now, though, have themes —
they are yours, internal.
This year you are chasing autumn
in a car, following the slow transition
of leaves as their color drips
south for the winter.

You are taking new snapshots —
an abrupt splash of fall
against a hillside clinging to green.
Meanwhile, in rolls of film at your side
you stand undeveloped — smiling from
the deck of an Alaska cruise-liner,
your eyes squinting out of a late summer sun
that won't set all night.

by Carl Ballard

Yard Sale





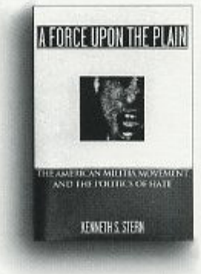
photos by Clayton B. Jackson

The neighbors are moving.
Already at 8:30 in the morning
crowds of hungry people
clot their driveway, pecking
over the chaff of encumbered lives.

In unison they circle,
buzzarding the carrion of clothes,
dinnerware, then toys and old clocks.
Two women wrestle over a rusty
mirror, its speckled surface spilling
sunlight and faces across the lawn.
The neighbors have churned up the
habits of their life,
lain them wet and gleaming
over the front yard
at bargain prices,
while their young son dances circles on the walk,
losing what he never had.

A Force Upon the Plain

Citizens in Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," a book frequently referred to by militia members as an example of what's to come, bow to Henry Ford as their god, the bringer of assimilation to the nth degree and the so-called "socialist world order."



Curiously enough, though, Ford himself may be more easily framed as the progenitor of the militia movement more than 70 years ago. This and other fascinating revelations emerge in **"A Force Upon the Plain,"** Kenneth S. Stern's own brave new look at the history of the American militia movement. He tells how things progressed from Ford picking up a pamphlet on the dangers of Judaism to the horrors of the Oklahoma City bombing.

What is perhaps most compelling about Stern's comprehensive work is its sense of urgency usually not found in non-fiction works. It will have been only a year this April that the Murrah Federal building was destroyed, only three years since Waco, and four since Oregon "patriot" Randy Weaver held off "jack-booted thugs" in a standoff which cost him his wife and freedom. Stern explains that things really began picking up for the movement in 1995 with the advent of the Internet to carry their message of hate. He cites no less than "224 armed militia groups in thirty-nine states, with forty-five of those having ties to neo-Nazi and white supremacist groups."

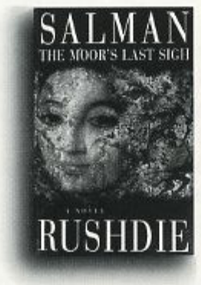
"The militia movement is a mass social movement," he writes. "People who have never given a thought to blacks or Jews were attracted to these groups because they cared about other things — guns, the environment, abortion."

Stern goes beyond history and sociology, however, and concludes with actions concerned citizens can take against the militias, whatever their rallying cry. Local groups, elected officials, and others, he concludes, should "show them that American political process, for all its flaws, really does work," and the so-called Common Law, with its archaic views of gender, race and "sovereignty" substituted by groups like the Posse Comitas, Christian Patriots and Aryan Nation when they believe necessary, does not.

—Mark L. Brown

The Moor's Last Sigh

Salman Rushdie's **"The Moor's Last Sigh"** begins, "I have lost count of the days that have passed since I fled the horrors of Vasco Miranda's mad fortress in the Andalusian mountain-village of Benengeli." It unfolds itself from there into a strong work well worthy of the title "literature."



The tale involves the youngest offspring of the heiress to the de Gama family, a dynasty of spice traders in India and a Jewish employee of the family. The story follows the son, nicknamed Moor at birth, through his life of ridicule and persecution. The half-Jewish Moor, who has already been branded an outcast by society, is further tormented by being kicked out of his own family.

"The Moor's Last Sigh" symbolizes and parallels Rushdie's own tormented life. Rushdie, who has been in hiding since 1989 due to a $6 million Islamic death sentence placed upon him by Ayatollah Khomeini, wrote many of the characters in the novel with his life on the run as a source.

"Thirty years in hiding! What a torment," says the narrating Moor about one character.

The Moor tells the story "with death at (his) heels." Rushdie portrays many traits of his own life as an outcast into the characters of the work.

Overall, Rushdie uses the story of the Moor's family as a model of modern-day India. His portrayal of the de Gama family and its religious, political and cultural elements draw a vivid parallel to India's problems today.

The Moor's words of family shortcomings echo Rushdie's own views toward the problems of India, "family rifts and premature deaths and thwarted loves and mad passions and weak chests and power and money."

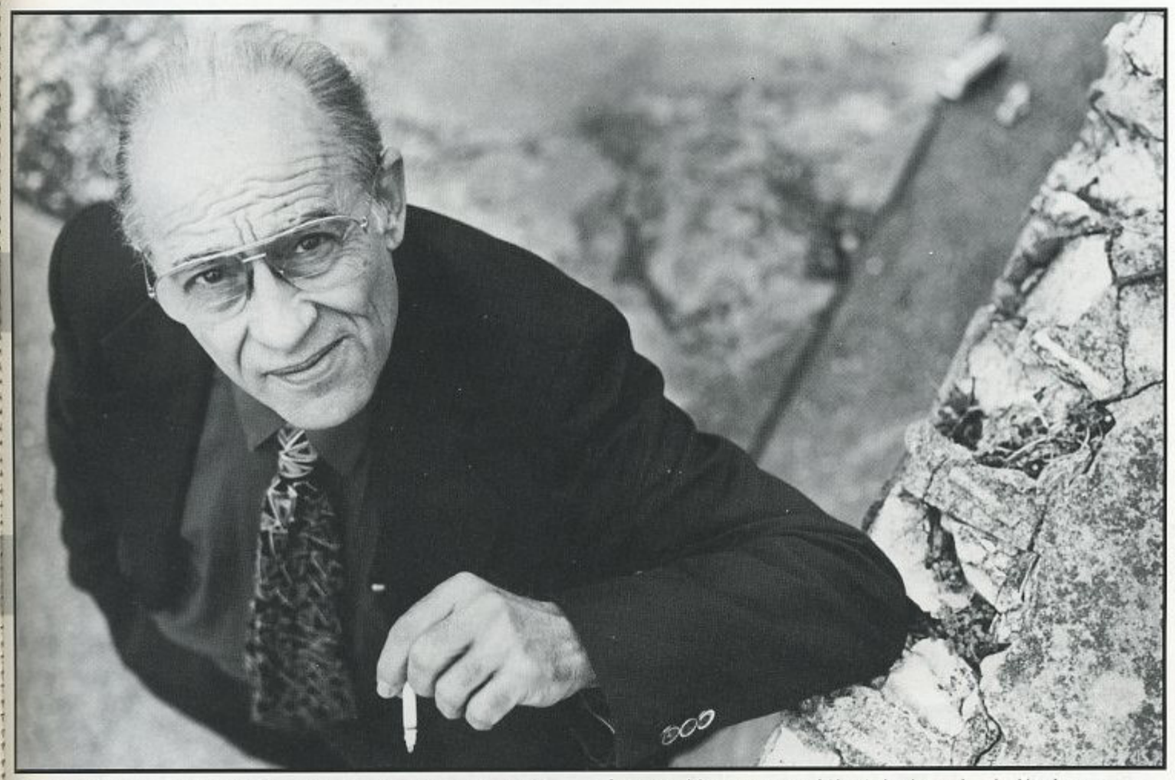
—D. Anthony Noel

books provided by B. Dalton

declamation pieces

an interview with Jim Wayne Miller, professor and poet

by D. Anthony Noel photos by Stephan Frazier



Jim Wayne Miller said the connection between reading and writing is powerful. "You read everything. Not only stories and poems and plays, but you read the contents on the back of a cereal box, you read the telephone book. You're a compulsive, constant reader. From this you get a sense of what has been done and what is possible to do."

"I write to understand," says Jim Wayne Miller, "myself and the world around me." Growing up in the mountains of North Carolina left Miller with a massive Appalachian influence that permeates his work.

"I used to be amused by out-of-state trout fishermen who waded in the mountain streams. The water was so clear, they often misjudged its depth, and stepped into water over their waders. I want my writing to be like the pools in those streams: so clear the readers are apt to misjudge it, go deeper than they thought to, and come up surprised and shivering!"

Xposure spoke to the modern languages and intercultural studies professor about his life as a writer.

Xposure: Which of the four seasons is your favorite one to write in?

Miller: I really don't know. I always date my work sheets on poems and stories and so forth. I could probably go back through those and get an indication that I work more in one season than another, but I would suspect that I work more in the winter. There's not as much enticement to be outdoors. One time in a course in American Literature, it was pointed out that there was less writing done in the colonial South through early 19th century America than in the Northeast. One of the principle reasons was not that people in the South weren't literary, we know they are, but the weather kept people in! I say winter is not only the most favored time, but probably the time I do the most writing.

Xposure: How do you prefer to write? Do you like to use a word processor, a typewriter or an ink pen?

Miller: I've gone through it all. Of course I prefer the easiest thing, and that's the word processor. I didn't jump right on that, but once I did get around to using it, I certainly came to quickly appreciate its advantages. There's some people who say, "Oh my goodness, you mean you write poems on a word processor!" They have some notion you should use a quill pen for those sorts of things. No. [shaking his head and grinning] I started out years ago as a teen-ager, I bought an old 10-dollar used typewriter out of a want-ad in a newspaper. It was indestructible, a table model Underwood. I used it four years in undergraduate school. At the end of that time I sold it for 10 dollars! [smiling]

Xposure: When did you begin writing?

Miller: Oh my goodness! I began writing when I was in second or third grade in unabashed imitation of things I'd read, and in those days, things I'd heard on the radio. Because radio in those days — when there was no TV — was formatted differently. There were radio dramas and long stories, things like that. And I can remember writing a poem in imitation of things I'd read in school. I tried to do a radio drama in imitation of something I'd heard on the radio. I remember I went to a little crossroads store near our house, it was rural place. It was in the summer and I didn't have any school supplies. So, I brought a new couple of pencils and a lined tablet and came back and set to work on this using my mother's Singer sewing machine as a desk.

Xposure: Did you have a teacher or significant adult that inspired you?

Miller: My paternal grandmother was a great encourager of not just me but all of her grandchildren to do well in school. She had a great repertoire of things she had learned in school as a girl. She'd learned them by heart. These consisted of songs, old ballads, little set things you learn out of school books. Little stories, some of them were poetry, some were prose. Little things she called *declamation pieces.* If you saw them in print, these would have been little essays on certain topics like courage, virtue, honesty, things like that, and she could recite these, and did. I suspect looking back on it, her influence and the way she could render the spoken word in a literary way, that was as much an influence as anything.

Xposure: Many writers write only for themselves and not to be published for any reason. Did you go through a phase like this?

Miller: Never! Never! I couldn't imagine writing anything for any other purpose than to communicate it to someone else. Now, if someone wants to write something, just for their diary, I could see an advantage of writing something just to clarify one's thoughts and feelings about that topic. Writing will do that! But I don't write things like that. I don't keep a personal journal or a diary. I don't write anything that I don't have it in the back of my mind that eventually I would publish it for a readership.

Xposure: Do you believe in the notion of a writer's block?

Miller: What we call a writer's block is probably a whole bunch of different things when you look at it closely. There may be deep underground psychic rivers that flow. Sometimes we may be preoccupied. Our psychic energy may be drained off in a way that we're unaware of, and that will result in our ability or disinclination to write, maybe for a considerable period of time. And we may call that in ourselves or somebody else might say that's writer's block. And for somebody else it might be a real specific situation. Some situation in their lives that might prevent them from writing for a while. Probably, the writer's block would not even be thinkable apart from this notion of inspiration. The notion that everybody writes at this time of white-hot speed and urgency. Once you get away from that, you can say, well, there are rhythms in our lives, and sometimes we are clicking better than at other times. But always we can write. If we go at it with that attitude, we wouldn't think about writer's block so much.

Xposure: Out of all the things you've written, what piece has the best story behind it?

Miller: I have made stories out of incidents. Out of my real experience as a child while growing up. Inevitably, trying to write a document of any sort, not trying to make it non-fiction but rather making it fiction. My novel "Newfound" is full of situations from my own experience and observation put into a larger situation. The way someone might take old scraps of fabric from many different sources and make it into a pattern for a quilt, let's say. So, I had an uncle who read my book when it appeared, and he knew all the situations I was writing about and he said, "Now, Jimmy, that's exactly the way it was." He has a concept of fiction, you see. Once he [illegible] was writing fiction, I'm not sure he ever approved of that. Because fiction to him was lying. In other words, he was coming at it from a moral and really a religious point-of-view. For instance, I'm the oldest of six children. But in that novel in the family, the fictional family I made out of our real situation, there are three children. I didn't even know how to handle the stage directions for six kids, I didn't need six kids to tell this story. So, I just folded us all. I halved us! And I came up with three like that."

Sometimes

My face moves far
back in the mirror
and there is silence.
For months I won't write
a single letter
as if that were the hardest
thing in the world.

The past stands
a low creek in a dry fall
stepsides of smooth stones
shallow pools
where old leaves float
motionless
on the dusty surface.

Where I walk crickets
jump singing.
We listen to each other's
silence rising straight to the sky
hanging
like smoke before bad weather.

declamation pieces declamation pieces

declamation pieces declamation pieces

In a Difficult Time

Everything that was true becomes a lie.
There was no spring that murmured in my dreams,
no quarter moon riding it like a bright
canoe, no spring drain trickle, no woods
at the far end of the dream where poems thundered
up like pheasants at my feet, or slipped,
like deer at evening into fields, quieter
than stars coming out — Lies, all lies.

There is only this close dark place, smelling
of chemicals, where I develop
images of a free-lancing eye. The negatives
frame emptiness, or sometimes the underside
of a table, a length of a necktie, a jutting chin,
nostrils, a tilted room — as if an idiot
rolling on the floor had pointed a camera.

I wake again smelling diesel fuel,
for in the night my dreams have pounded past
like big trucks on the interstate going
through gears, pulling enigmatic freight.

All Poetry by Jim Wayne Miller (From "Vein of Words," Seven Buffaloes Press, Big Timber, Montana, 1984.)

Reader, We're In This Poem Together

I couldn't keep you out if I wanted to.
Before I wrote that first line, I
anticipated you. Even when
I mumble to myself, I
notice that my mumbling assumes you.

My nose itched, my left earlobe tingled
you rose and started toward this poem.
You started out, in the language I am using;
a Scandinavian king, at a table in a mead-hall,
dispensing rings. On the way
to this poem you were a pope, an archbishop,
a wealthy Florentine merchant.
You were a journeyman in Westphalia,
you were chairman of the board.

You came in a carriage,
you came on foot, on horseback,
by private car
on your own railroad.
You rode from an airport in a Lincoln
long and black as a hearse.
By the time you got here you were wearing
jeans and a t-shirt, driving a Chevette
with a busted muffler.

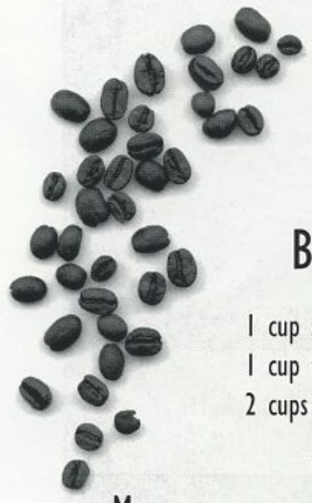
Now you're sitting in this poem
which is an auditorium
with folding chairs set up between the lines.
It's never crowded in this auditorium.
All the chairs are empty except yours.
The cough you hear is yours.

Look into the curved mirror I hold up.
You can see yourself, there on the back row,
like a face cut out of a group photo
and carried in a locket.

declamation pieces declamation pieces

The Bards' Recipe

story by D. Anthony Noel photo by Clayton B. Jackson



As the audience sips coffee in Café Voltaire, the performers of Black Cup Theater put a new twist on the average poetry reading

Black Cup Theater

1 cup singing	1/2 cup chanting
1 cup theater	1/3 cup dancing
2 cups poetry	A pinch of beatnik

add imagination to taste

Mix the above ingredients plus one troupe of talented performers in one black cup. Chill for one hour. The result: a spirited symphony of euphony with cacophonic movements that yields tastes pleasing to the palette.

Gericke Sommerville, a junior from Hendersonville, Tenn., said cabaret-style performance poetry appeals to everybody.

"It's quite intense," said English professor Bill Green.

"It's cabaret," said Bowling Green resident Sam Stonebreaker.

"Cabaret," said Bowling Green resident M. Dutch Deboer.

"Intense," said Gericke Sommerville, a junior from Hendersonville, Tenn.

The members of the Black Cup Theater echo one another's sentiments about their performances.

"We specialize in what we call 'cabaret-style performance poetry,'" Green said. "We never read poetry, we perform it."

"(We wanted to) expand the form and push its limits," Stonebreaker said.

Deboer said the troupe began because people aren't doing cabaret.

"It's not somebody reading poetry on a podium ... (we wanted to) make it exciting so that it catches on throughout the community," Deboer said.

Sommerville agreed. "It appeals to everybody, anyone with a creative or artistic expression," she said.

"We're trying to bring the poetry alive through performance," Green explained.

The mood of the performance at Café Voltaire in February swings pendulum-like from the beginning of the show to its end."(It is) your regular down-in-it poetry, but the theatrics lighten it up a bit," Stonebreaker said. "It's kind of light. It's not the thing you come away from and you want to go out and kill yourself."

When the performance does sink into despair, the troupe quickly manipulates the mood:

Deboer: Wait a minute, we need to lighten things up a bit. We need to go in a different direction.

Sommerville: Which way do you want to go?

Deboer: Left, right, it doesn't matter.

Stonebreaker: There's nothing left.

Deboer: There's nothing left?

Stonebreaker: Right.

Sommerville: Didn't you write a happy poem?

Deboer: About your dog, remember?

Stonebreaker: Yeah, it left.

Deboer: Oh, right.

Stonebreaker: Man, I feel like I'm on a two-oasis desert.

Deboer: A two-oasis desert! On a one-moon night! [together]

Sommerville: A two-oasis desert! On a one-moon night! [together]

They then begin a satiric blues song about a "two-oasis desert on a one-moon night," in which the narrator suggests "you better forget about your pleasures and read your compass right."

> "We never read poetry, we perform it."
>
> —Bill Green, English professor

"We perform it with music, with sound effects, with dance, elements of stand-up comedy ... skit elements," Green said of the show's contents.

Sure it's fun, but the group members take their roles seriously. It has become as much a family unit as a cabaret-troupe.

"(Green is) the grandfather type, but then morphs into his animal of some sorts. His poems can be lusty or nostalgic," Sommerville said.

"He pushes the limit in his poetry," Stonebreaker added.

"(It) makes you raise one eyebrow," Deboer said.

"Sam has a very fresh, crisp attitude," Deboer said, "the rebellious one ... he's got a little bit of that edge on him."

And Sommerville is the grounding female motherly type, he said. And what about Deboer?

"He's the crazy uncle on-the-road who drops in for a visit and gets the kids all excited, then kind of takes off again and leaves you with this feeling like, 'man I wish I was on the road,'" Sommerville said.

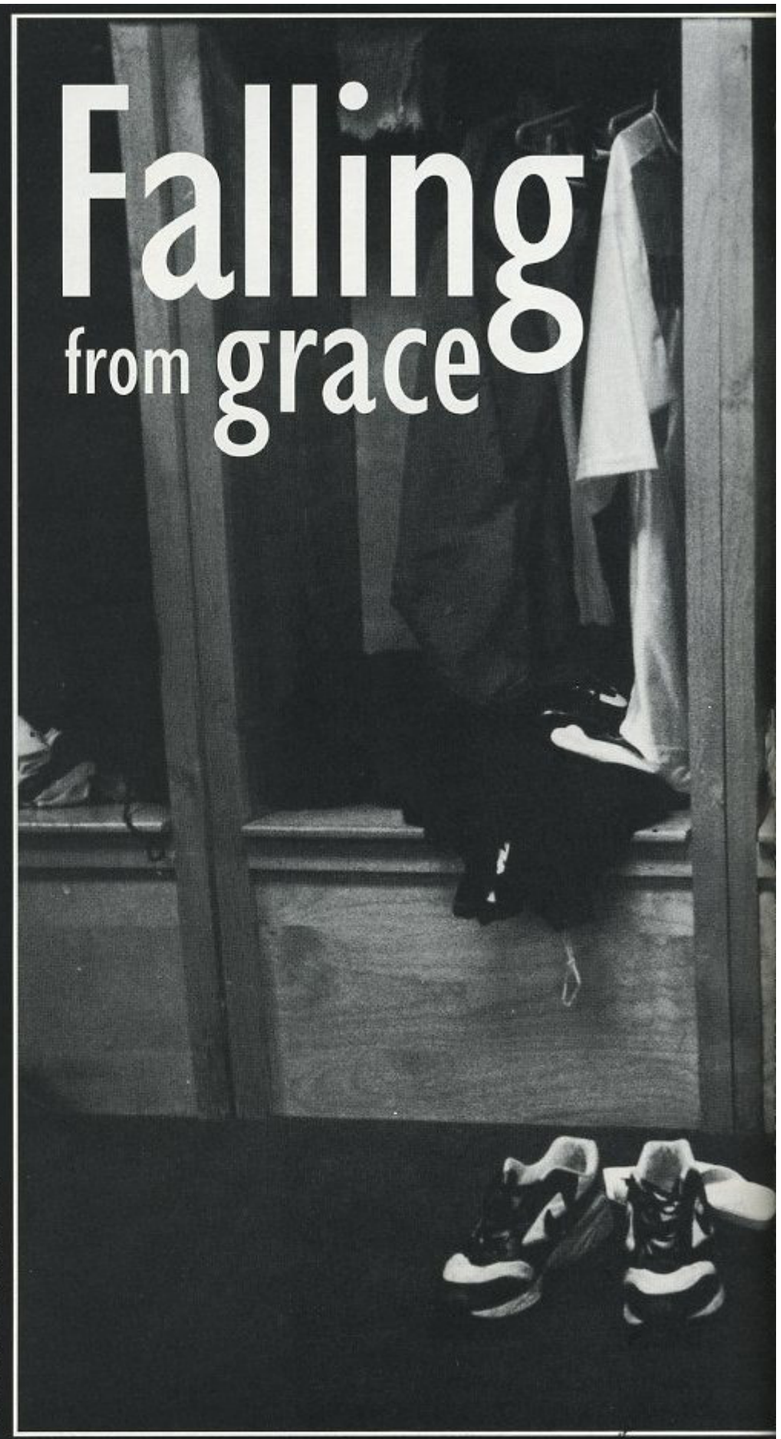
The Black Cup Theater projects an emotion on a scale far above the individual.

"It's a community effort where people can come out and see something different — a well-rounded night of entertainment from music to comedy to dance to romantic poetry," Deboer said.

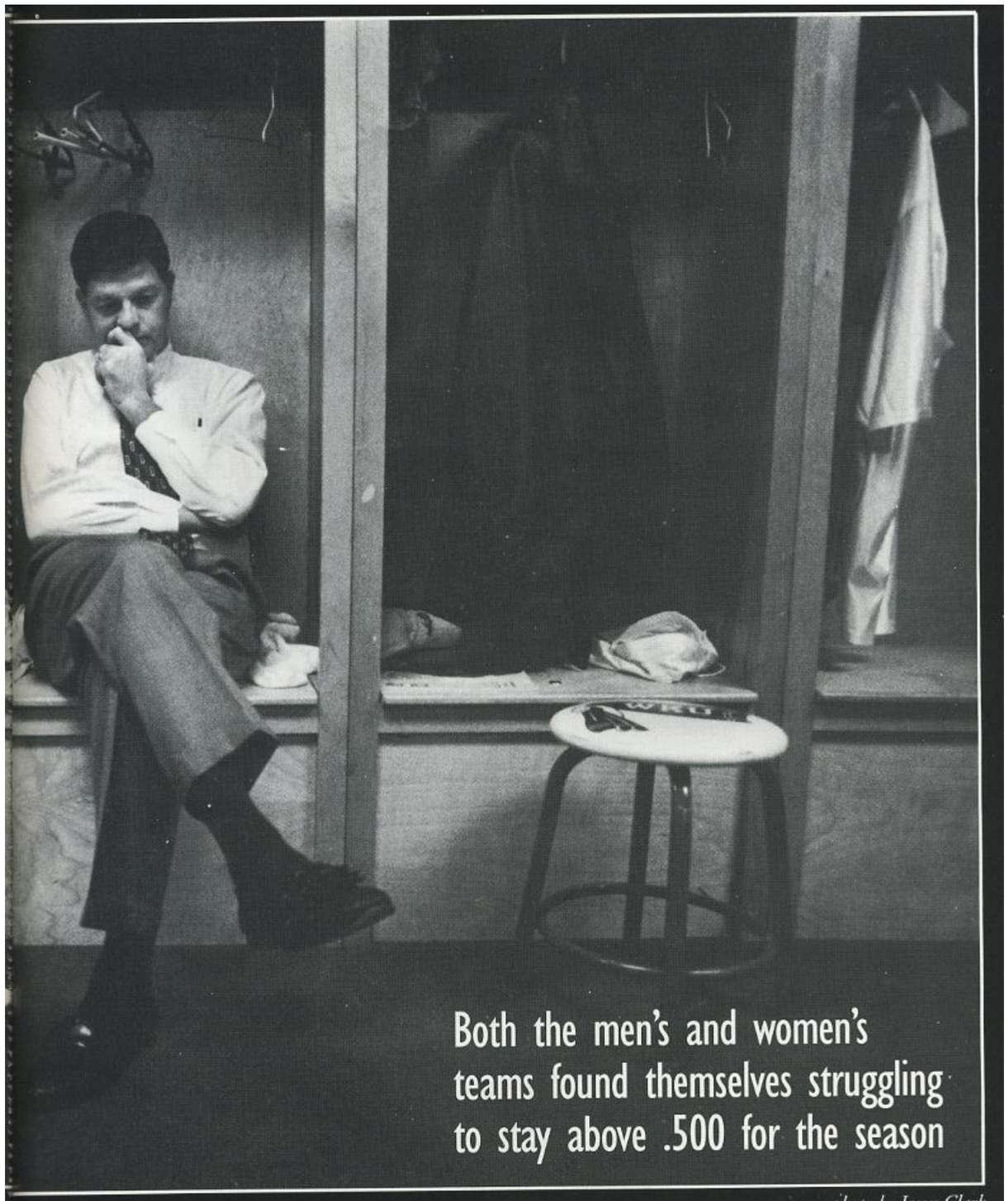
But still the concept seems hard to grasp. So just what is the Black Cup Theater?

"An outlet to express poetry creatively," Stonebreaker said.

Falling from grace



As the Toppers start the season with a 5-8 record, Coach Matt Kilcullen knows his team is struggling. Kilcullen sits alone in the locker room before a game against South Alabama. He described the waiting period as "the worst part of the game."

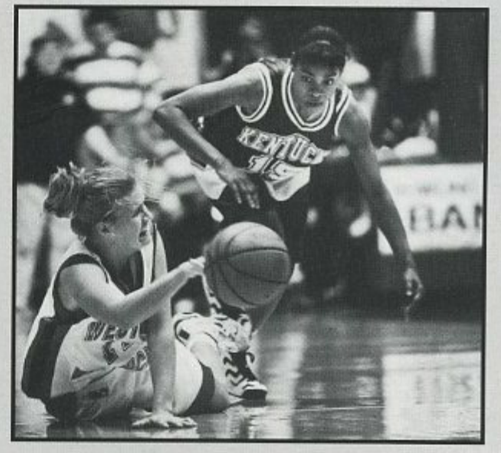


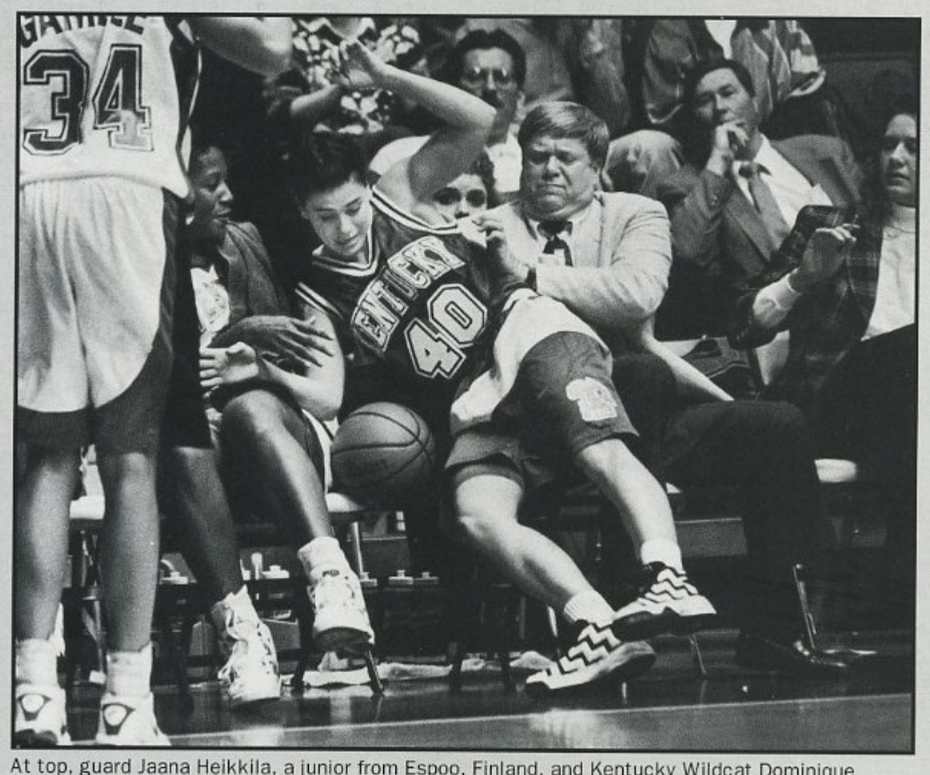
Both the men's and women's teams found themselves struggling to stay above .500 for the season

photo by Jason Clark

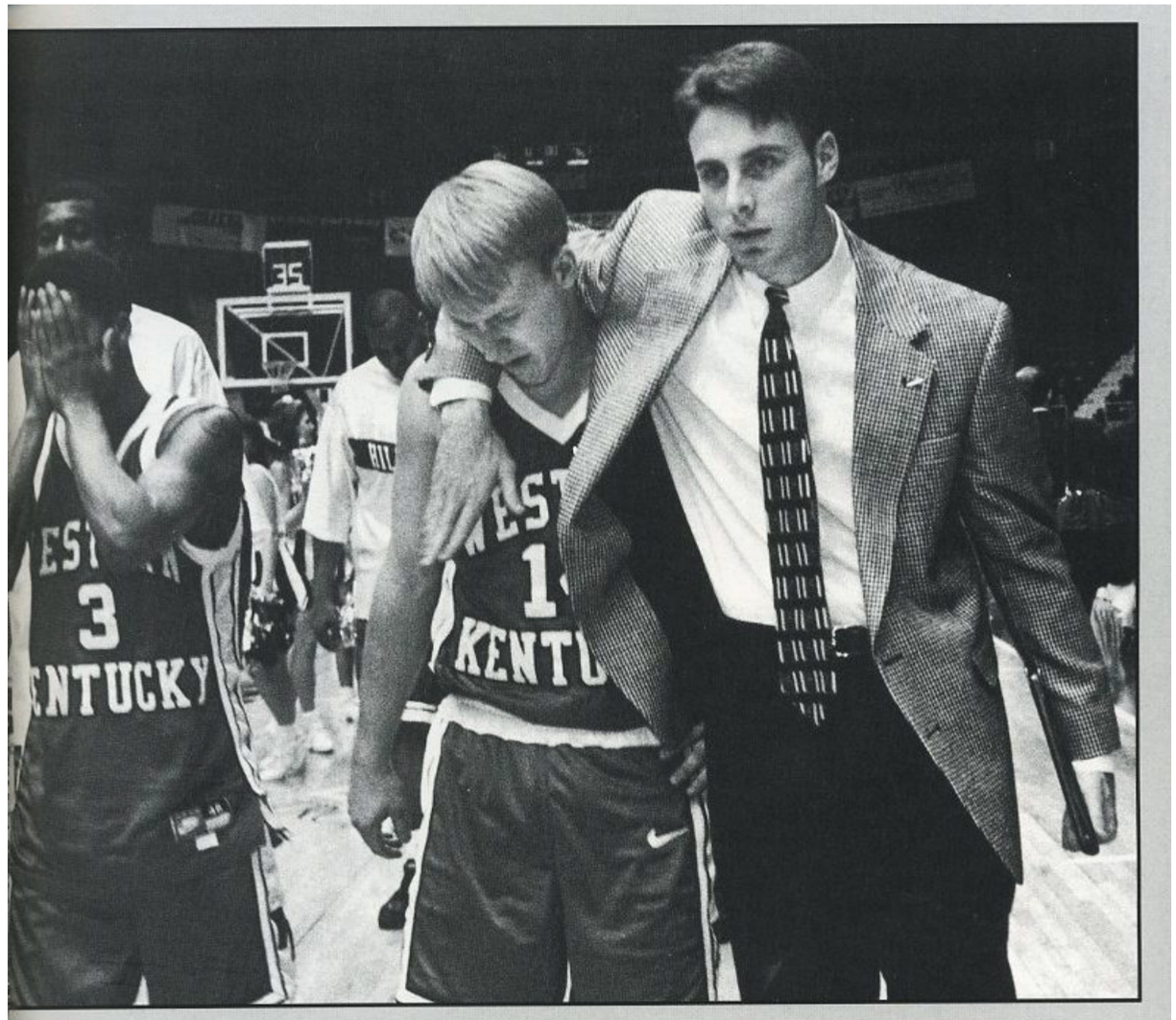
Falling from grace

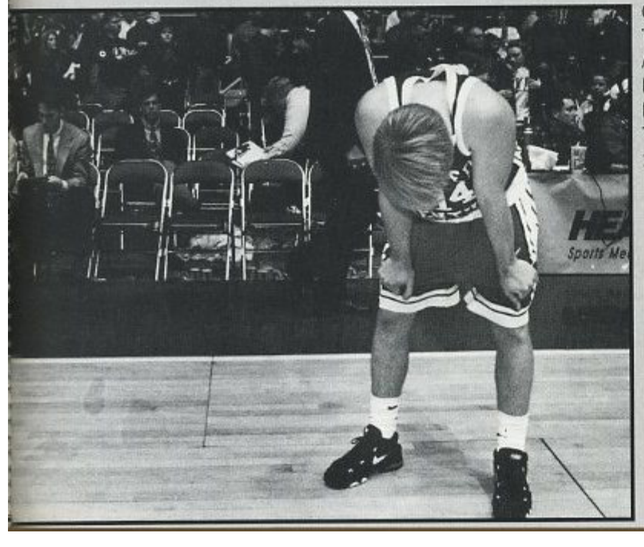
photos by Jamal A. Wilson



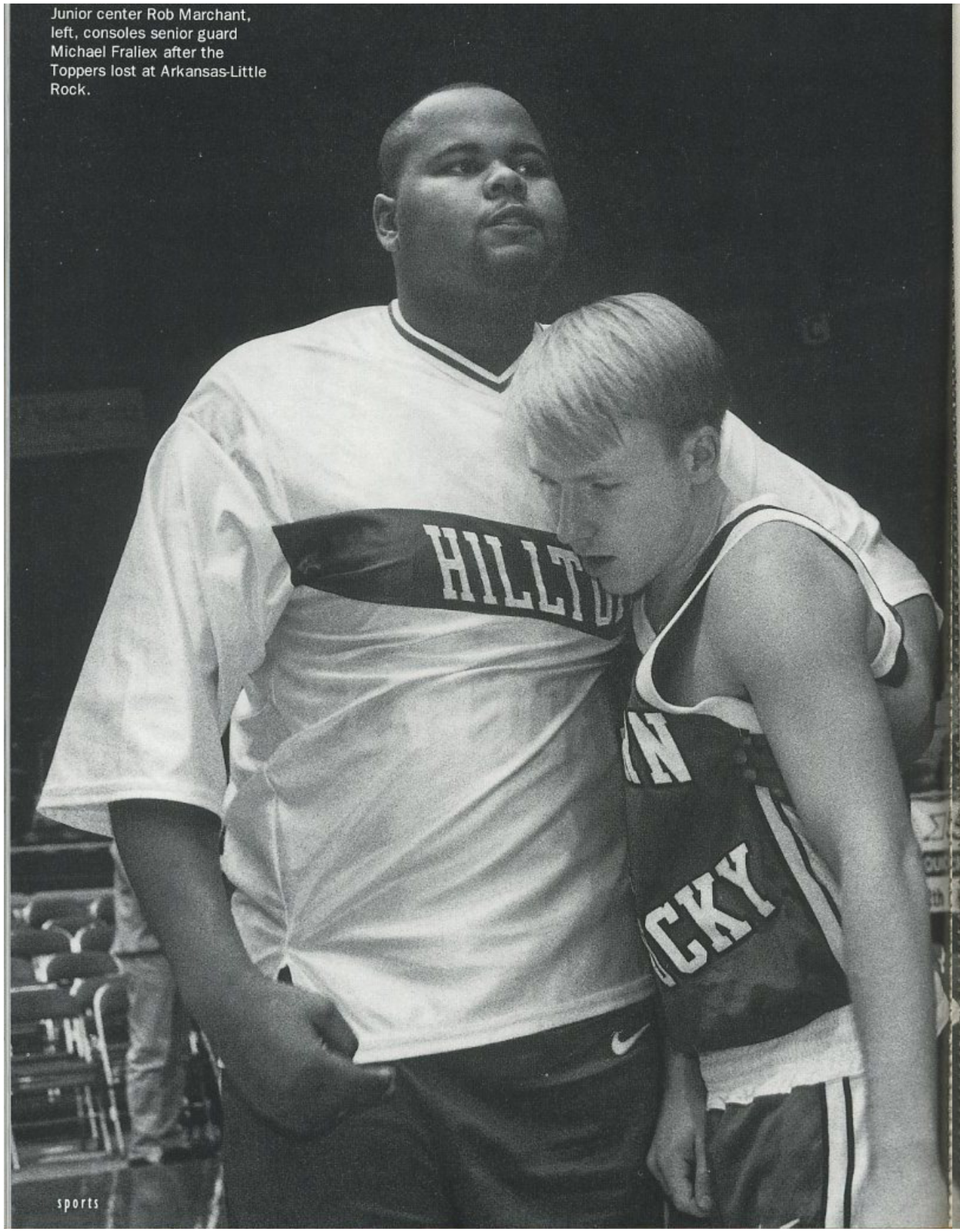


At top, guard Jaana Heikkila, a junior from Espoo, Finland, and Kentucky Wildcat Dominique Mitchell scramble for a ball at Diddle Arena. Attempting to save a ball, Kentucky's Christina Jansen, above, fell in the lap of Western coach Paul Sanderford. The Lady Toppers struggled most of the season before going into the the National Women's Invitational Tournament with an 18-11 record. It was the first time the Lady Toppers have missed the NCAA tournament since 1984.





Guard Rob Williams, a freshman from Johnson City, Tenn., guard Michael Fraliex, a Fredonia senior, and Assistant Coach Darrin Horn, above, head to the locker room after a tough loss to Arkansas Little-Rock. Fraliex, left, reacts to the same loss. The Toppers finished the season with a losing record, 13-14, for the first time in eight seasons.



Junior center Rob Marchant, left, consoles senior guard Michael Fraliex after the Toppers lost at Arkansas-Little Rock.

Big Rob

Marchant squints as he drags himself off the football field. He feels his ankle giving on him, but he gets into his car and drives home anyway.

Once there, he tells his mother it's time to go to the hospital — he can't take the pain anymore.

The 6'3", 275-pound teenager lumbers into an emergency room in Flint, Mich. The nurses don't know what to do with someone his size — there are no crutches or wheelchairs to fit him. None of them are strong enough to carry him — he limps to a room where a doctor assists him 30 minutes later.

When Marchant stepped on another player's foot, severely spraining his ankle during his sophomore year at Northwestern High School in Flint, Mich., he had no idea how much it would change his life. It would eventually bring him to Western to play basketball, a sport far different from the one he had loved.

He also found out what he wants to do with his life after basketball — he wants to be a nurse.

story by Dennis Varney
photos by Jamal A. Wilson

"Not everyone can grow to be tall. hope I keep on growing."

When Marchant was growing up, he never gave much thought to pulling down a rebound or dunking a basketball. He was an All-Region defensive tackle who was dreaming of playing in the NFL — that is, until his injury and a couple of growth spurts.

A boy who had played football since the second grade grew four inches between his sophomore and junior years of high school. His basketball coach (Grover Kirkland) told him his future was in his team's sport.

The ankle injury added to his decision to switch to basketball, said his mother, Valerie Collins.

"The other players went after his legs because they knew he was hurt," she said. "I told him that it would probably be best if he played basketball."

Marchant gave up his first love.

"Football was what I really wanted to do at the beginning," said Marchant, who now is 6'10" and 300 pounds. "It was something that I grew up doing because of my size. Everybody kind of pressed me into it because of my size. I like it and I miss it, but I don't have any bad feelings about leaving it."

The transition wasn't easy.

When he first started playing basketball, he was a 6'3" sophomore.

"The biology teacher (Kirkland) was the basketball coach and he was like, 'You need to come and play basketball. I'm pretty sure that you're a smart person and you can adjust.'

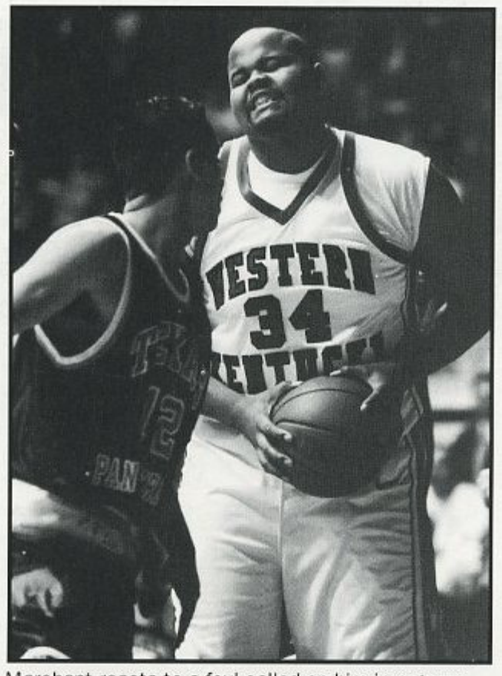
"Then there was the fact that basketball was a challenge," Marchant said. "I love a challenge and the fact that everybody was saying, 'He's not good enough to play.' That kept me wanting to play harder."

Marchant remembers his first game.

"It was my sophomore year and it was so crazy. I wanted to play junior varsity, but coach wanted me to stay up on varsity because he said that he would need me. He wanted me to see all of the pressure of the season.

"My first game I played in I made some stupid mistakes. I was like, 'Why am I out here?' but Coach Kirkland said, 'Don't worry about it. You'll get it right.'"

As a senior, he averaged 12.5 points and 11 rebounds a game for his 24-2 Wildcats, who advanced to the semifinals of the state tournament.



Marchant reacts to a foul called on him in a game against Texas Pan-American in Diddle Arena.

Marchant has always been taller than those his age, but that hasn't always been a luxury to him.

"Robert didn't always enjoy being tall until high school," Collins said. "He was always slumping over."

Marchant said being tall was something he had to get used to.

"I grew so fast I was clumsy," he said. "All my friends were so athletic and my twin sister was real athletic. At first I felt like I was cursed. It wasn't until I got into high school that I felt like it was a blessing. Not everyone can grow to be tall. I hope I keep on growing."

Even though Marchant had just over two years of experience under his belt, his height and size had college recruiters interested.

"I had some nice offers," he said. "A lot of people were interested but some were unsure because I didn't produce as well as they thought I should."

Marchant said schools such as Nebraska and Ball State talked to him and said they would sign him if another player didn't sign with them. He didn't want to wait.

"I went ahead, signed with Trinity Valley (Junior College in Texas)," he said. "Something a lot of people don't know is that I had my grades. Most people think that since you went to a junior college, it was because of academics. That wasn't me."

Life, and basketball, weren't easy at Trinity Valley.

Marchant got little playing time — about 10 minutes a game — and averaged 1.8 points and 2.2 rebounds as a sophomore while playing behind three players who were 6'9" or taller.

"I'm glad it's behind me. It was depressing ... very depressing. I'm never going to be negative. I'm never going to complain. We were winning — if we had been 1-30 it would have been different, but we were 31-6."

Collins said her son is better off for the experience.

"I think it was good for him," she said. "It showed him the real world. My son was sheltered. This made him more disciplined; I think it was the best experience he ever had."

Marchant gives a young fan an autograph in the Topper locker room after a win over Arkansas State.

Trinity Valley was where Western recruiters spotted Marchant. Former Topper coach Glynn Cyprien was the one who showed the most interest.

"I really liked him and Coach Kilcullen," Marchant said. "He (Cyprien) said, 'Hey, you gotta come here and work hard. The harder you work, the farther you will go.'"

Cyprien, who is an assistant coach at UNLV, said he was impressed the first time he saw Marchant.

"Rob is one of the best kids I've ever recruited in terms of the total package," he said. "I saw him play his freshman year at a jamboree. You could tell he needed more work, but his stats don't reflect the type of player he is."

A broken left foot that he suffered in a preseason scrimmage hampered Marchant's effort to make an immediate impact with the Toppers.

He didn't score his first basket until there were seven games left in the regular season. After his foot healed, he started getting more playing time.

"The injury really set me back," he said. "Maybe I should have sat out the season — it was a hard decision, but I have to deal with that."

There have been many influences in Marchant's life. None have been bigger than his mother.

"No matter how things got — whether there was no overtime or layoffs — she was there," he said. "I'm know I'm spoiled. No matter what happened she made sure we had what we needed. I can call at four in the morning and she'll just ask me what it is I need. She's the perfect role model.

"She always said, 'If you're doing something good, I'll do what I can for you.' I have much respect for her."

Both of Marchant's parents work for General Motors plants in Flint. That was part of the reason he chose to major in nursing.

"Back 20-25 years ago if you didn't have a degree, and they didn't then, that was the best paying job.

"I decided to go into nursing when I hurt my ankle back in high school and there wasn't a nurse around that could help me," he said. "I don't want to see anyone else go through that situation."

Marchant said he wants to be an anesthesiologist or to work in pediatrics, because he loves kids.

"I knew I wanted to be in the medical field, but I didn't know what part. I started reading about nursing. Then I started thinking about being a doctor, but there's all the liability in that."

Collins said her son's career choice is perfect for him.

"He's real compassionate," she said. "He likes little kids — they're drawn to him. He's one big kid himself."

Marchant said he wants to let basketball take him as far as it can, but once his career is over, he'll get his master's degree.

"The job opportunities will be there for me," he said. "How many black male nurses do you know, especially my size?"

gender equity ...

how is Western trying to answer the biggest question in collegiate sports?

story by Dan Heib

There is a huge, HUGE gap in funding between men's and women's sports at Western. Western's recommended budget for this school year set aside $2,080,871 for men's athletics teams. $885,585 was the recommended budget for women's teams.

The difference: $1,195,286.

Huge.

In total, there are 10 sports for men and seven for women. There is baseball but no softball, men's swimming but no women's swimming and men's soccer but no women's soccer.

When the NCAA took a routine look at Western's athletics program in November 1994, the disparity was not lost on them. It was one of the major concerns they pointed out to Western in their report.

In response, Western has looked into ways to balance funding between the sexes in the athletics department without hurting the quality or number of men's sports, said Pam Herriford, athletics associate director.

The challenge is dealing with an ever-shrinking athletic budget, said Barry Brickman, athletics associate director.

Because of less state funding for the university, budgets have been falling for several years. Under pressure from people who thought athletics was getting too much money, president Thomas Meredith promised the athletics department the same percentage of the university budget that it had been getting — 3.1 percent, Brickman said.

The change to the constant percentage took effect in 1994-95.

While that figure gave athletics a little reassurance, Brickman noted that depending on the universities funding, 3.1 percent could change by $200,000 between one year and the next. That's enough money to run the volleyball and men's golf programs that could be in the budget one year and gone the next.

As a remedy for the shrinking budget and higher prices of team travel, food and tuition, Meredith also allowed the athletics department to keep the money it generated through ticket sales and concessions.

In order to raise revenue, ticket prices have gone up, Brickman said. Most of the price increase fell on season-ticket holders. Season tickets for men's basketball went up 20-33 percent, depending on seat

"you'd think with the audience that this university has to

photo by Chris Stanford

Sera McDaniel, a junior from Springfield, Ill., transferred to Western for the spring semester even though there's no women's swim team. She asked men's coach Bill Powell if she could practice with his team and he said yes. Still, she wishes she could compete, too.

location, and all season tickets for women's games went up $5.

But Brickman noted that there is a ceiling to how much the fans are willing to pay to see games.

"And we're already very, very close to where we think that ceiling is," he said.

The athletics department has also been getting some help from the Hilltopper Athletic Foundation, which uses some of its funds to pay for repairs and additions to athletics facilities.

The HAF also played a role in preserving the football team, which was endangered during budget cuts in '92.

"There's not a lot of fat in the budget," Brickman said.

Of course, little of that matters to students like Sera McDaniel who want to play softball or soccer or swim competitively.

McDaniel, a junior from Springfield, Ill., transferred to Western this semester from Millikin University, a small school of about 2,000 students in Decatur, Ill.

At Millikin, McDaniel was on the women's swim team and was one of three students who spearheaded a campaign to get women's soccer started at the school.

"All I had to do was go up to the athletic director and say 'Hey, I want to do this' and he said 'It's up to you (to organize it)."

McDaniel and two friends organized a schedule, found a place to play and got a coach. Finding players was not a problem. All the team needed was a budget.

McDaniel is discouraged about

draw from that they'd have more sports available for women."

— sera mcdaniel, a junior from Springfield, Ill.

gender equity...

the chances of starting a new team at Western.

"At Millikin they have to have the same number of sports for women as they do for men or at least a close approximation," she said. "And here they just don't.

"I'm very disappointed. ... You'd think with the audience this university has to draw from that they'd have more sports available for women. There's 15,000 people on this campus — there are going to be people who want to play."

McDaniel transferred to Western to study photojournalism. She knew the state of women's athletics at Western when she decided to come.

"I was really disappointed when I found out they didn't have (a swim team)."

When she arrived on the Hill, McDaniel asked swim team coach Bill Powell if she could practice with the men.

Powell, who has wanted a women's swim team at Western for years, said yes.

"We've had quite a few girls practice with the team over the years," said Powell, who started the men's program in '69.

In '83, Leslie Braun even lettered for the men's swim team, competing as a diver.

Western had a women's swim team that started in '71, but budget cuts in the mid-70s caused it to go defunct.

While McDaniel hopes a women's swim team is formed within the next two years, she doesn't mind practicing with the men.

"They're a great group of guys," she said.

And after all, they're all athletes.

Still, McDaniel would like to see a women's swim team within the next couple of years. But after all her work lobbying for a women's soccer team at Millikin, she's not ready to fight for a new team again.

She's also intimidated by the process she thinks she'd have to go through to start a team here.

"The bureaucracy at public schools is amazing," she said.

herriford hasn't heard much of a call for new sports from students.

"It's not like there's been students knocking down our door trying to get new sports started and we've been ignoring them," she said.

Herriford said there's a difference between Title IX and gender equity – the former being federal law and the latter being a catchphrase in the media for the last five years or so.

Gender equity's main idea is that funding should be proportional to the sexes at a school, she said. For instance, since Western's student population generally hovers around 55 percent female and 45 percent male, under gender equity 55 percent of athletics funding would go to female sports.

But under Title IX, the federal law holding fire to the feet of athletics departments, proportional funding is only one of three ways to solve the problem.

Title IX simply states that athletics programs must serve men and women equally.

Meeting the interests of students is one of the three criteria that can be used to meet Title IX requirements.

The other ways are proportional funding or showing a history of improvement in the minority sex's programs (almost always women's programs). According to Herriford, Western is trying to comply by meeting student interests.

For the first time since volleyball was added to Western's athletics in 1981, the athletics department is trying to start some new women's sports.

prospective new sports for women:

softball ~ soccer ~ swimming

Thanks partly to more athletic interests among high school girls, Western wants to adjust its program to fit the needs of new students, Herriford said.

To determine those interests, and the start-up costs of new teams, an advisory committee was set up to study possible sports Western could add. The recommended list read identical to a Thursday, Feb. 22 'People poll' question in the College Heights Herald — "What women's sports do you think should be added at Western?"

Those mentioned by the students were softball, women's swimming and women's soccer.

Western is trying to add these sports, but the budget problem must first be dealt with.

"One of the ways is to eliminate some men's sports," university attorney Deborah Wilkins said. "We don't want to do that. ... We want to be fair to both groups.

"That would be the easiest way to do it, but our commitment has been to keep opportunities there for both groups."

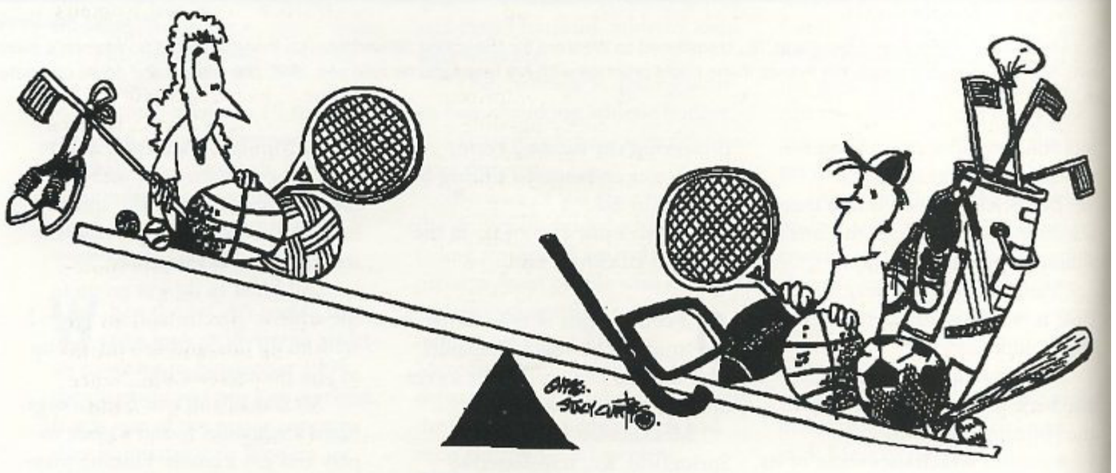
Western is trying to alleviate budget problems, not only in athletics but throughout the school, by hiring individuals to raise funds for the university. As of late February, no one had been hired, but Herriford said the efforts to start new women's teams were going smoothly.

"Of course, that's because the things haven't passed yet," she said. "When they do is when we'll start having the problems."

But any progress would be good news to McDaniel.

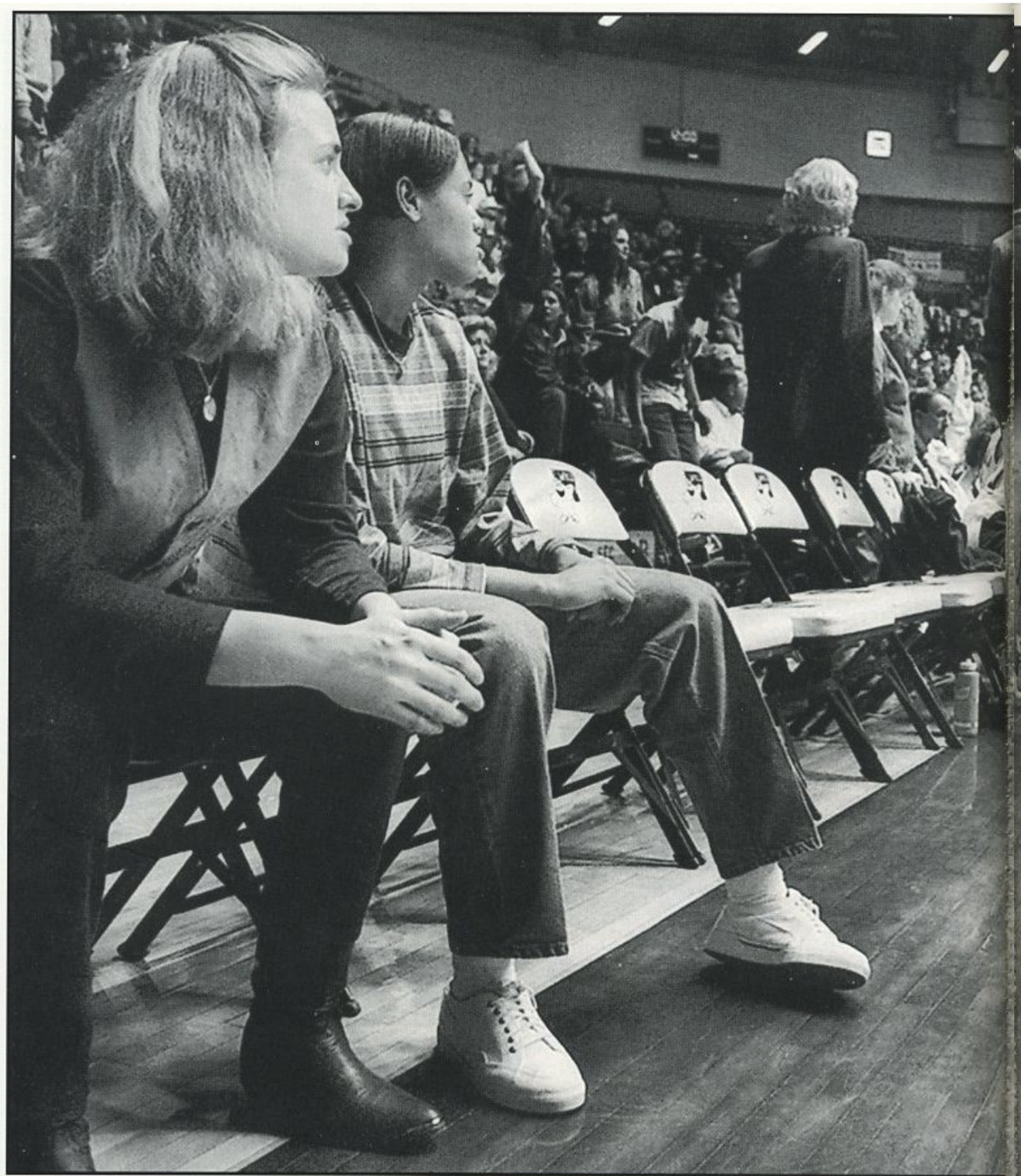
"This university has a captive audience that wants something to do," she said.

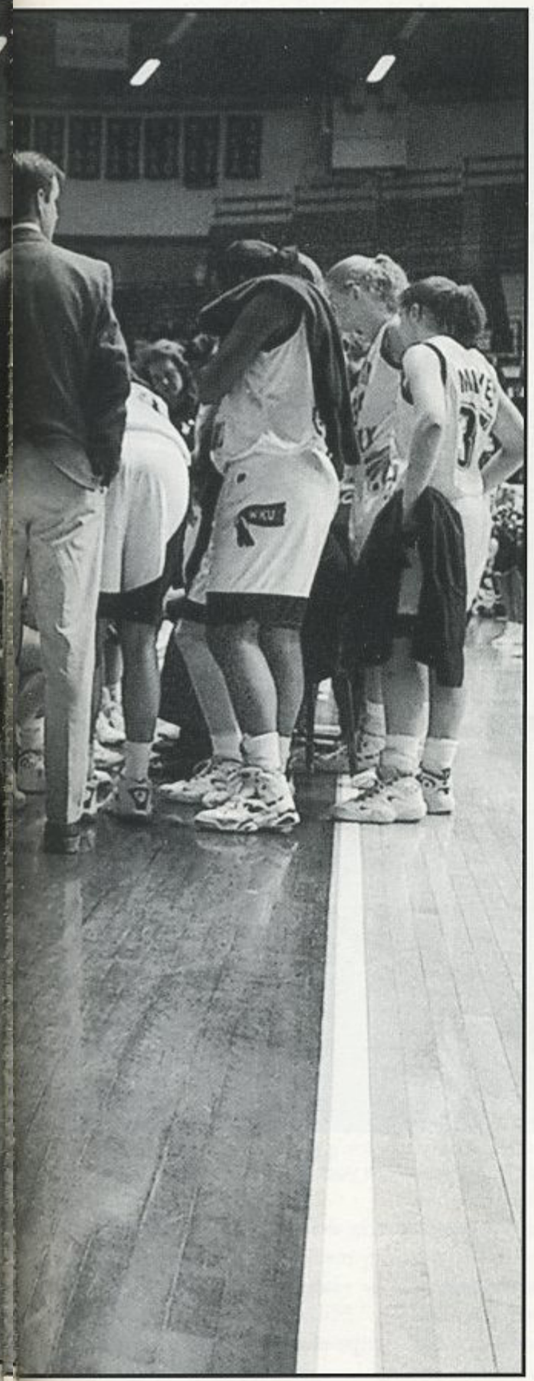
"I realize they'll have to go through the bureaucracy protocol, but they have an audience here and I think they should take advantage of it."



"it's not like there's been students knocking down our doors trying to get new sports started and we've been ignoring them."

— pam herriford, athletics associate director





With a timeout called during a game, Jennifer McGinnis, left, a transfer from Duke, and Danielle McCulley, a transfer from Purdue, sit at the end of the bench. McGinnis has three years of eligibility remaining. McCulley has two.

WAITING THEIR TURN

STORY BY MICHAEL SCOTT
PHOTOS BY SCOTT PANELLA

Three women suit up every day to practice with their Lady Topper teammates. They do the drills, the individual workouts, the study hall sessions, the weight training.

But they don't get to play.

Danielle McCulley, Jennifer McGinnis and Leslie Johnson transferred to Western before the start of the 1995-96 season, each searching for a place to call home. NCAA regulations allow transfers to practice, but they have to sit out for a year and they can't travel with the team.

Johnson knew sitting out this season would be hard, but she didn't realize how much she would miss the game.

"It makes you hungry," she said. "The anticipation for next year is overwhelming for me."

The year away from playing has given McCulley time to improve her grades. She also has learned how important it is that all the little things get done on the court, like following your shot and blocking out.

"It's been hard, but I thought it would be worse," she said. "Sitting there on the bench, it's like you're seeing things from the coach's point of view. You get a feel for what the team really needs."

Coach Paul Sanderford unsuccessfully recruited McGinnis and Johnson as high school players. McGinnis went to Duke, and Johnson picked Purdue, where she was joined by McCulley.

Two years later, the three are part of an incoming crop of players bringing the kind of expectations not seen since Lillie Mason and Clemette Haskins played on the Hill. They will be joined by one of the top high school seniors in the nation, guard Jamie Walz of Ft. Thomas Highlands (Ky.), who

signed with Western in November.

The expectations for next season will be great, Sanderford said.

"On paper we can physically line up with anybody," he said. "We're going to be up and down, but by the first of February this could be a tremendous basketball team."

Geno Auriemma, coach of defending national champion Connecticut, said the Lady Toppers will be strong.

"Any time you bring in players of that caliber, you're going to be very competitive," he said. "On the face of it, they will be very tough."

Leslie Johnson, a junior from Fort Wayne, Ind., hasn't played competitive basketball since January 1995 at Purdue.

The NCAA Freshman of the Year there two years ago, the 6'1" center left the school midway through her sophomore year because she was unhappy with the way the program was being run.

She had considered playing at Western after graduating from Northrop High School in 1993 but chose Purdue because it was closer to home.

Last spring Johnson came to the Hill to see the man she had played for during the 1993 Olympic Festival, Coach Paul Sanderford. She told him she wanted to stay.

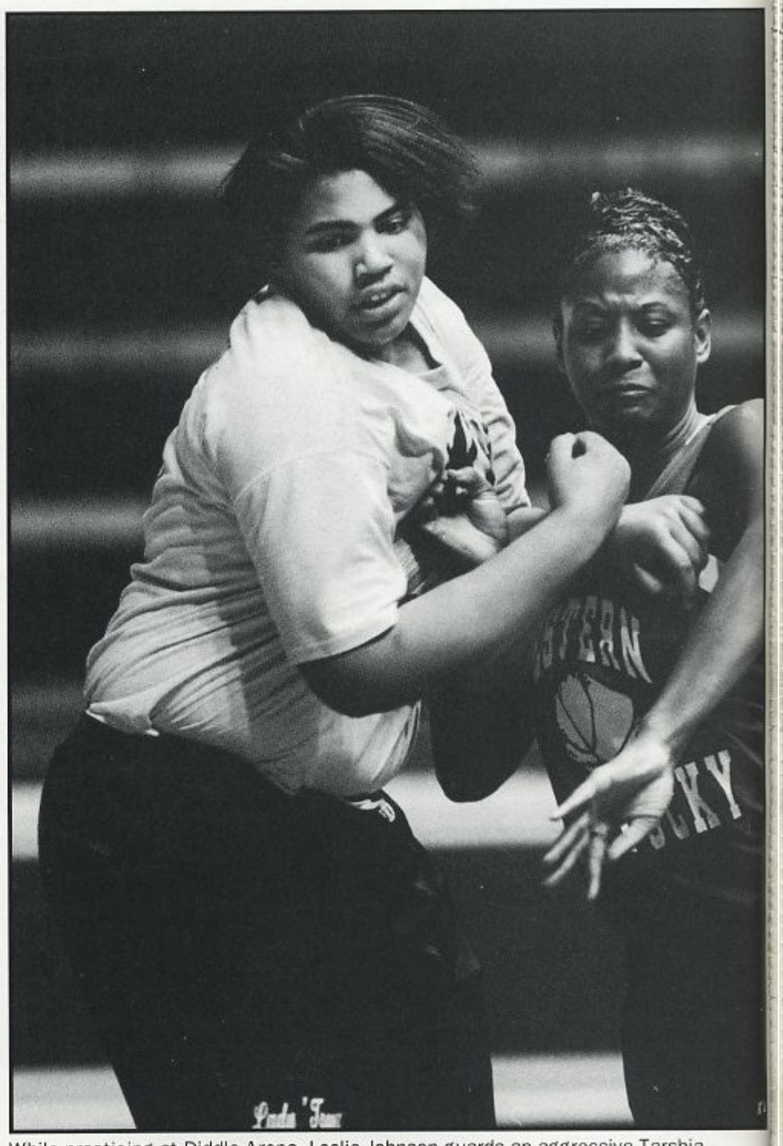
"I liked him and thought he was good-hearted," Johnson said. "That's really what I was looking for — someone who seemed like they were true."

The year-and-a-half layoff has given her a new focus.

"More than anything, I feel like I've got something to prove," Johnson said. "I don't expect anything less than going to the Final Four."

She's been there before. Averaging 18.5 points and 9.1 rebounds as a freshman, she led Purdue to the big dance. In an 89-74 loss to eventual national champion North Carolina, Johnson fought through double and triple defenses for 16 points and three rebounds.

Sanderford said Johnson's conditioning suffered while being away from the game so long, but once she gets back in shape, look out.



While practicing at Diddle Arena, Leslie Johnson guards an aggressive Tarshia Bronner. Johnson transferred from Purdue last year along with teammate Danielle McCulley.

"Leslie is physically the strongest women's player in the country," he said. "She came out of high school as the No. 1 player in the country. The expectations on her were high and she delivered."

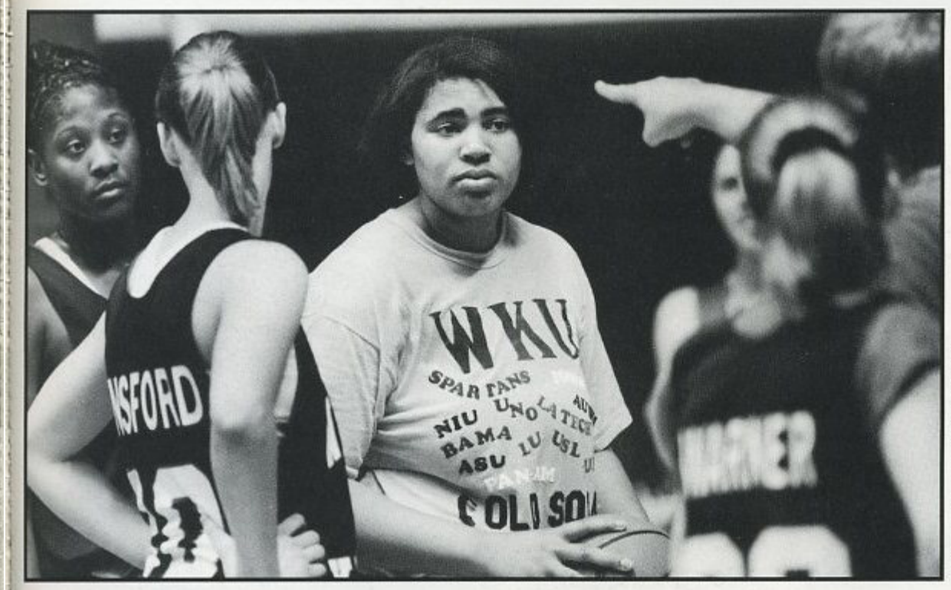
Teammate Tarshia Bonner, a junior from Copperas Cove, Texas, said battling against Johnson in practice is tough.

"She uses her body well to shield the defender," she said. "You can't really block the ball from her."

Johnson is comfortable in her role.

"The low block, the post, a power type of game," she said. "That's just me. I love getting in there and banging."

Danielle McCulley left Purdue at the end of the 1994 season after leading the Lady Boilermakers to the NCAA Tournament



During a practice, Johnson and others get instructions from Coach Paul Sanderford. Johnson, McGinnis and McCulley wear different shirts from their teammates during post season practices.

Regional Finals. In four games, the sophomore averaged 13.3 points and 7.5 rebounds. But she wasn't happy.

"I stuck it out after my freshman year to see if it would get better," the junior forward said. "I wasn't happy about my playing time and I didn't have a good coach-player relationship."

McCulley, a 6'3" wing player, was happy with her decision to attend Purdue after graduating from West Side High School in Gary, Ind. But when the situation at Purdue didn't improve by the end of her second year, she visited the Hill and Southern Illinois-Carbondale and chose Western because of Sanderford and the Lady Topper tradition.

Sanderford calls McCulley a "tremendously talented, fluid player" who really knows basketball.

She is a versatile player who can play all three front-court positions, Graves said. Her height will make McCulley an imposing player at the small forward spot — where players normally measure 5'9" or 5'10" — Graves said.

"If you can pick a type of player you really want to work with, it's her," Graves said.

McCulley is aware of the expectations the Lady Toppers face next season, and she shares them.

"The Final Four (with Purdue) was a great experience," she said. "It's one of my goals for next season. We're going to be a very tough team to guard — it's going to be interesting to see how they guard us."

Jennifer McGinnis was Tennessee's Gatorade Player of the Year in 1994. Highly recruited out of Oak Ridge High School, she visited Duke, Western, Auburn, Penn State and North Carolina State. She chose Duke and soon found herself in an unfamiliar situation. Coach Gail Goestenkors' style was more hands off and less vocal than McGinnis was used to.

"She didn't do a lot of coaching," said the sophomore from Oak Ridge, Tenn. "I just knew that wasn't the place for me."

By Christmas 1994, the 6'3" forward was thinking about leaving Duke, and remembered who had recruited her in high school.

"I called Coach Sanderford up and he said I could come," she said. "I was surprised he said 'yes' so quick because he hadn't seen me play in a year."

Graves said when McGinnis came to the Hill, she wasn't used to the physical style of play Western faces in the Sun Belt Conference. But she's adjusted well, he said.

Sitting out hasn't been fun, McGinnis said. It was hard to watch the Lady Toppers come up short in close games, she said.

"You wish you could be in there," McGinnis said. "You think you could make a difference. You see what the team is doing wrong because you're sitting there."

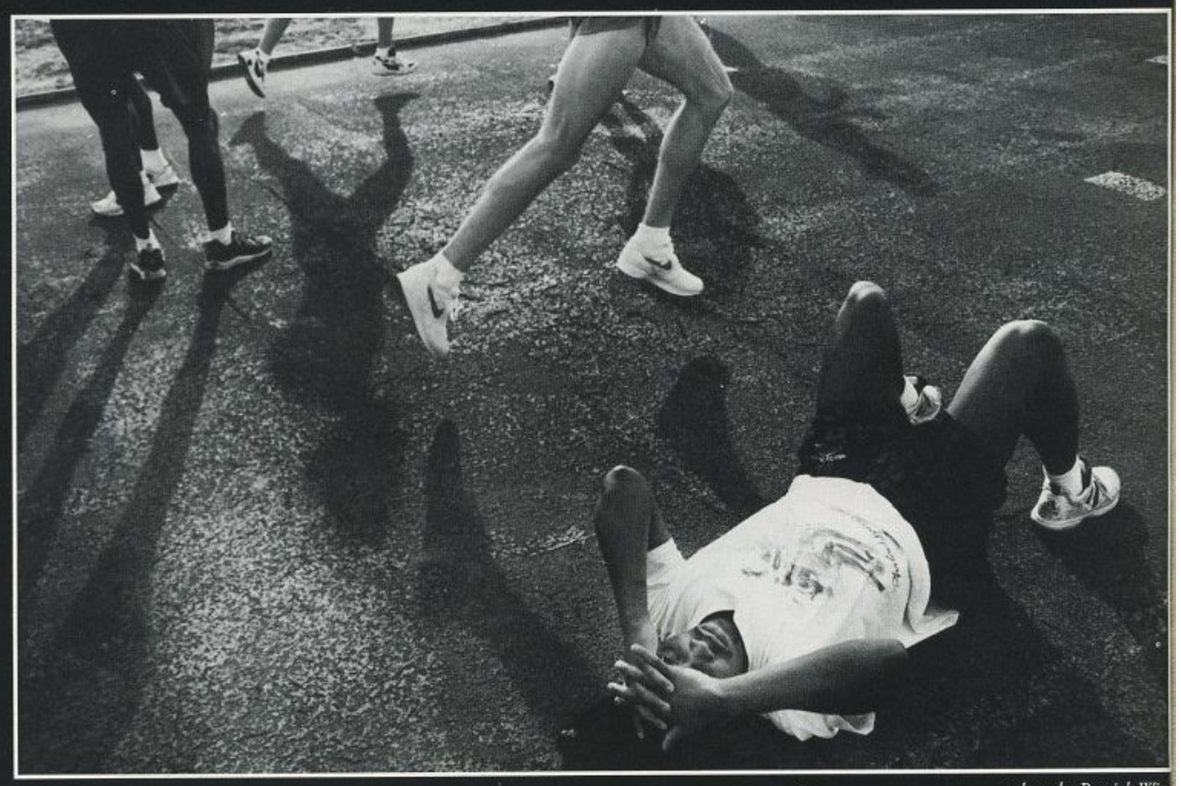
The Final Four banners hang in Diddle Arena, marking the history of one of the country's best programs. They are a reminder of Lady Topper teams that have excelled — 1984-85 and 1985-86 national semifinals and 1991-92 national runners-up.

Sanderford has assembled a team that he knows will face comparisons to those squads. Clemette Haskins, who played on both of the '80s teams, said a great team is on the borderline of being confident and a little bit cocky.

The 1996-97 Lady Toppers may have that swagger.

"It might take some time getting used to playing with each other," McCulley said. "But everybody thinks we can win it all next year."

talisman Xposure



At the end of practice, Henderson junior Quincy DeJarnette rests on the track at Smith Stadium.

photo by Patrick Witt

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